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Special thanks to Bret Michaels of Poison

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SST 049 MEAT PUPPETS: Out My Way (12" EP $6.98) Six new songs from the amazing Meat Puppets. Recorded in Arizona, this ep captures the Pups on **She's Hot, Mountain Line,** and the classic **Good Golly Miss Molly**

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STATIC

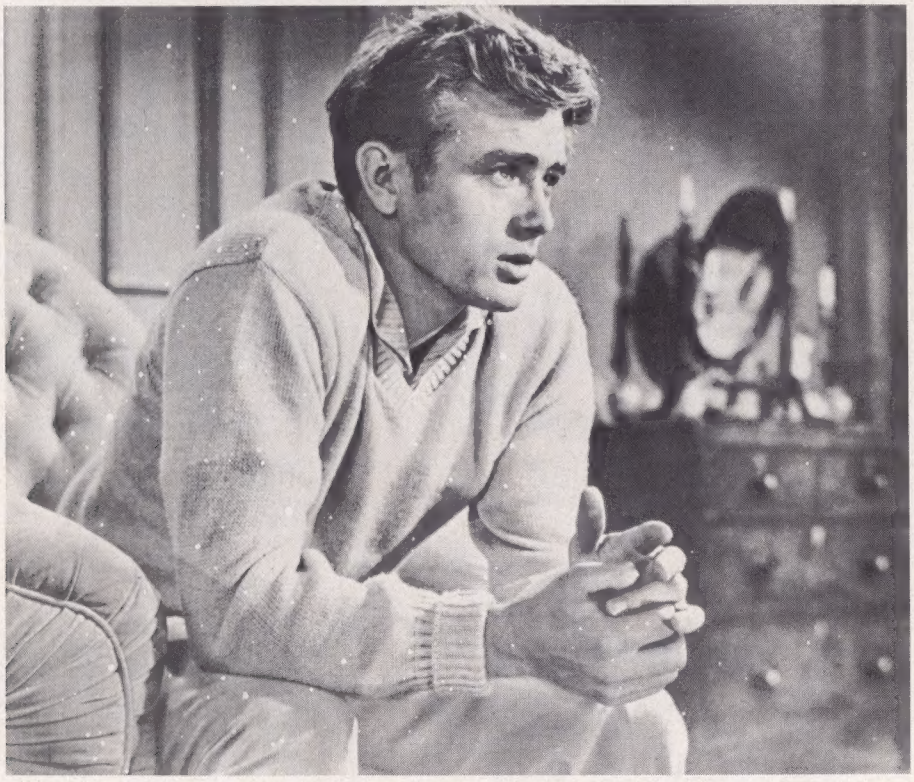
It's nice to read a little bit about the personal–and political–opinions of rock 'n' roll stars. In all the other rags they're incessantly talking about their latest LP, their latest tour, or how many girls they screwed last week. Never could you find out anything of substance–like their positions on nuclear war, foreign policy or censorship. Hopefully, your rad magazine will print stuff we can't find anywhere else. –D. F.
Hollywood, Florida

Your premiere issue was great. Really lives up to my motto–"Live fast, die young, and leave a horribly mutilated corpse." –James Dean
Studio B, Heaven

Finally, a music magazine that has discriminating taste. How nice it is to read about all of the bands that I like in one place–not just some in one magazine, and some in another. Keep up the good work, RIP. I'm hooked. –D. K.
Libertyville, Illinois

The piece on tattoo-artist Spider Webb was radical. I found it particularly enjoyable because I'm kind of a tattoo freak myself. I've had my body tattooed in 37 different places, and I haven't regretted a single one. Well, actually, there's one I'm not too crazy about. One night when I was pretty drunk, I had "suck eggs" tattooed backward across my forehead. That gets kind of depressing to look at in the mirror every morning. Jeez, I really don't know why I did it. –D. J.
Los Angeles, California

I have a bone to pick with all those fanatical right-wing religious zealots who claim that rock 'n' roll is the devil's music. Everyone in my jerkwater town says the only reason I feed Drano to my brother's goldfish and barbecue ant colonies is because I listen to kick-ass rock groups like AC/DC and Motley Crue. Well, that just pisses me off. I do all that stuff because I *like* to–the music has nothing to do with it! Just to prove my point, last week I listened to nothing but my parents' Frank Sinatra



James Dean speaks.

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CRAIG JONES, *managing art director;* MICHIO TSUZUKI, LAURA MORRISON, MELISSA SIMPSON, KAREN TOMLINSON, LAURIE FERGUSON, *associate art directors;* DON GILBERT, *chief typographer;* ANGELA YOUNG, *typographer*

PHOTOGRAPHY

CATHERINE DOYLE, MICHAEL GENTILE, *assistant photo editors;* JOAN BRECKWEDEL, *studio administrator;* KENT TERANISHI, *photo assistant*

PRODUCTION

DONNA HAHNER, *production director;* STEVE HOPKINS, *production assistant*

ADVERTISING

JOHN HALLAK, *advertising director;*
MARIE LASSITER, *advertising assistant,*
(213) 277-8415

SUBSCRIPTIONS

ELIZABETH STAGNITTA, *subscriptions director,*
(213) 277-8415

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Photo by Naomi Petersen

Black Flag (1977-1986)–RIP.

albums. Everyone was *so* impressed, until I poisoned every cat in the neighborhood, and told them Ol' Blue Eyes made me do it. They're burning his albums at the high-school pep rally next week. Don't forget, Sinatra is simply an anagram for "I. R. Satan." –Blank Frank
Lincoln, Nebraska

I have this question nobody else has been able to answer. Why is heavy metal *called* "heavy metal," anyway? Is it because the guitars weigh so much? Is it because of all those chains the musicans wear? Is it just one of those names that seems to spring up out of nowhere, like "Xerox" or "dry cleaning?" And another thing–is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable? Can you help me? –Andy Rooney
Hollywood, California

I was wondering if you would mind running the following classified ad in your letters column, as I cannot afford the price the singles magazines charge: Attractive SWM seeks SWF for pleasant B&D and good-natured NOL or RPNS, not to mention PLXN. No AC-DCs, LTDs or QSGTDs, please, as I am interested only in SPZMFNXAELXFDWIOS. . . . –B. D.
Alphabet City, New York

Let's see more articles on cutting-edge bands like Black Flag. "No, no! How about some pieces on easy-listening stars like Barry Manilow and Barbara Streisand?" Don't be ridiculous. Nobody listens to that crap anymore. Punk and new wave are where it's at. "On the contrary, that stuff is obsolete. The people want Neil Diamond." Oh, make me puke! Well, there's one thing we both agree on–an article on the problems of schizophrenics would be nice.
–M. S. and his invisible pal, Pinky
Nowheresville, USA

RIP is a rad magazine! None of the other dildo publications can even imagine that a kid who is into heavy metal might also be into hard-core thrash and punk! They think that if you like Iron Maiden, there's no way in hell you could be into the Ramones or Black Flag–and they're wrong. I thank the red stars in the black night that somebody finally figured that out and is putting together a magazine for all hard-core rock 'n' roll fanatics. –M. T.
Bellevue, Michigan

Hey, you guys are cool, but watch out for the plight of the typical rock magazine. In one issue the first Motley Crue articles come creeping in like a black cat gliding through the darkness of a moonless night. Then they slither their way into the next issue like the forerunners of some misunderstood epidemic. Suddenly it hits! Your readers rampage. They run, frightened and howling through the streets like a rabid dog looking for a kill. The Crue scourge strikes again! Why, oh, why, is there always so much coverage on these chicks with dicks? There's so much good music to be heard out there, so many other good bands to cover. Is there a kickback involved, or something? Please cover somebody different for a change–like Ratt, for example. –I. J.
Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania

Letters columns are very cool. Where else can the average Joe, who works at the local 7-Eleven, tell thousands of people what he's thinking? I could hang around on the street corner and jump out in front of cars to get on the evening news, but, man, that would hurt! And if I was on the news around here, I'd only get noticed by the 18 or so wheat farmers in the area. But in RIP I can be famous coast-to-coast. I like that. And that's all I have to say. Hooray for me! –J. S.
Carroll, Iowa

My first reaction upon seeing your Ramones article in the premiere issue of RIP was, "Good God, the Ramones are *still* around?!" But I suppose it's sort of refreshing to know that after more than a decade of tumultuous changes, the same three-chord thrash sound is still going strong. I suspect that, like cockroaches and individually wrapped slices of processed cheese, the Ramones are probably capable of surviving a nuclear war. –J. B.
Newark, New Jersey

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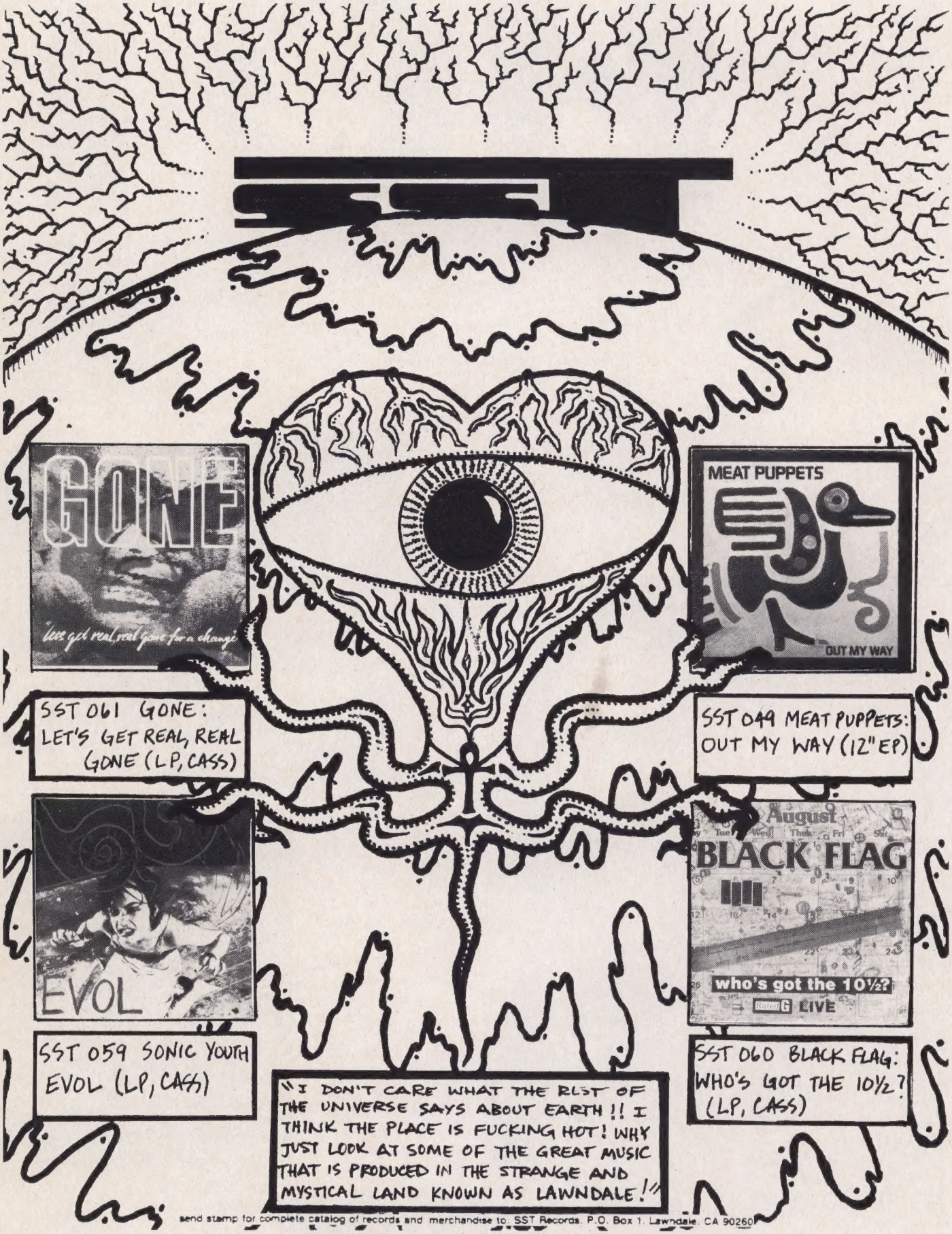
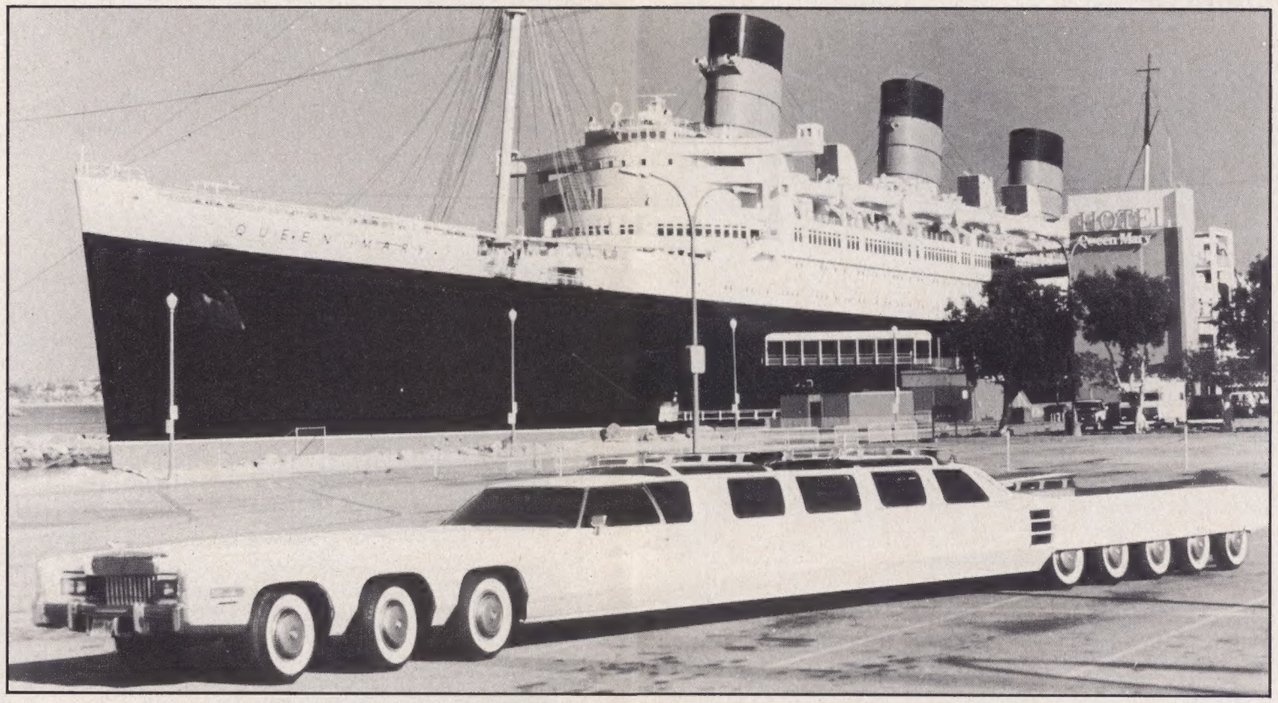


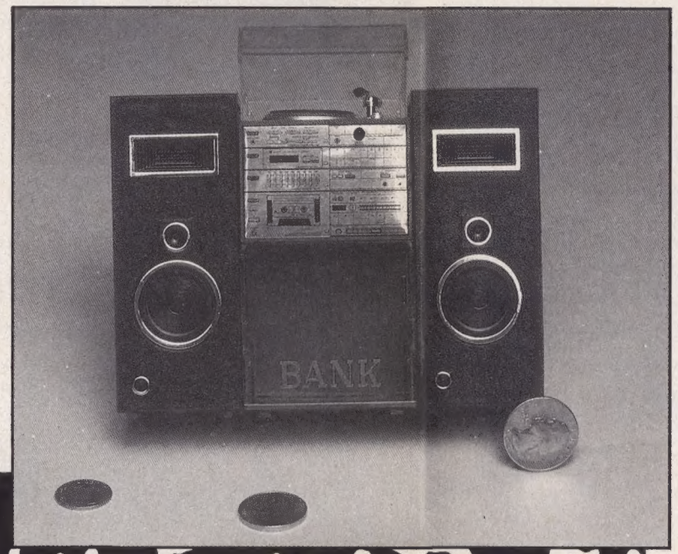
send stamp for complete catalog of records and merchandise to: SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260

HOT TOYS

Searchin' for a tattoo that is yours and yours alone? Tats are all the rage these days, and nobody wants the same design as a million other people. That's why these creations by Kari Barba–at P.O. Box 2695, Anaheim, CA 92804–are so cool. All forms and styles of tattooing are created personally just for you!



Fashions may change with the weather, but you will always be stylin' with that wild, oh-so-primitive look in clothes by Mod-Zart. Yep, for only $30.00 you too can make like George of the jungle in these hot leopard-skin jeans as you stalk the savage streets. Distributed by Van Der Fluit, they also come in snakeskin, leopard spots, and ¼" stripes.



Wow! Your prom date will really drop a load when she sees you pull up in an incredible 60' limousine. This baby's powered by two–count 'em–two Cadillac engines, and it comes complete with swimming pool, hot tub and helicopter landing pad. But stick mom and dad with the bill: This classy roadster–from Jay Ohrberg Show Cars of Hollywood–costs a cool $2 million.

Got no money to buy a new stereo? Pick up Leadworks' cool component system. Put a quarter on the turntable, push a button, and the tone arm sends your spare change flying down to the bank below. Of course, you may not be able to crank "Paranoid" yet, but you'll be saving up your money with every play. Only $10.00.

Remember the days when you painstakingly built your cool hot-rod models, spent hours painting them, then blew 'em to pieces with a cherry bomb? Years later you kicked yourself for destroying an irreplaceable bit of history. Well, now you can recapture those lost car kits, thanks to the Revell model-kit company. Using the original molds, Revell has re-released Ed "Big Daddy" Roth's awesome Beatnik Bandit, Outlaw and Mysterion, each selling for under $7.00. This time, save your M-80s for the 4th of July!

HOT TOYS

Hey, kids! Check out Lynda Barry 'n' Matt Groening's Funky World Fun Calendar for 1987! Also good for the years 1998 and 2009, this 12" × 12" monthly record book contains birthdays of the rich and infamous, gardening hints, deep-sea creatures, a treasure map and more. To order, send $7.95–plus $2.00 postage and *hassling* (CA residents add an additional 6½%)–to Life in Hell, P.O. Box 36E64, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

The bottle warns, "Poison: Contents Harmful if Swallowed." Well, this may be true if one of the many pin-on buttons with song titles from glam-band Poison's latest album gets stuck in your throat. What a terrible way to go. . . . Capitol Records Inc. distributes this free promotional item.

For those of you who enjoy irritating drivers by cruising around on your motor scooter, Yamaha has created the perfect inexpensive vehicle–the Razz. This sleek little bike features deluxe instrumentation, automatic transmission, a plush, padded seat and a handy carry rack. It's cool, it's sporty, it blocks traffic beautifully and it's only $549.

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RIP

Photo by Bill Allen

The "World's Nastiest Singer"–Black Oak Arkansas's ***Jim Dandy Mangrum***–got a little more than he bargained for recently when he and his hard-rockin' band showed up for a gig in Knoxville, Tennessee. It all started when the group asked for money in advance before playing–a standard custom in the sleazy music industry–and the venue's booking agents, a pair of full-blooded Apache Indians, refused. When Mangrum decided not to perform, Geronimo I and II, as Dandy calls 'em, proceeded to pull out knives and force them onstage. "It's fuzzy what happened after that," says Dandy, "but we didn't play, nor did we receive any money."

Photo by Neil Zlozower

Ever wonder how Ratt's *Robbin Crosby* got the nickname "King"? "It's because I'm bigger than the rest of the band," explains the tongue-in- cheek, 6-5 banana-blond. "And it's a nickname I got when we used to hang out on the streets with Motley. *Nikki Sixx* was the 'Leader,' *Vince Neil* was 'Field Marshall,' *Tommy Lee* was the 'Duke' and I was the 'King'–the name just stuck. Anyway, it's easier to say 'King' than 'Robin' when you're trashed." Maybe next month we'll tell you why *Stephen Pearcy's* nickname is "Felix."

Photo by Ross Halfin

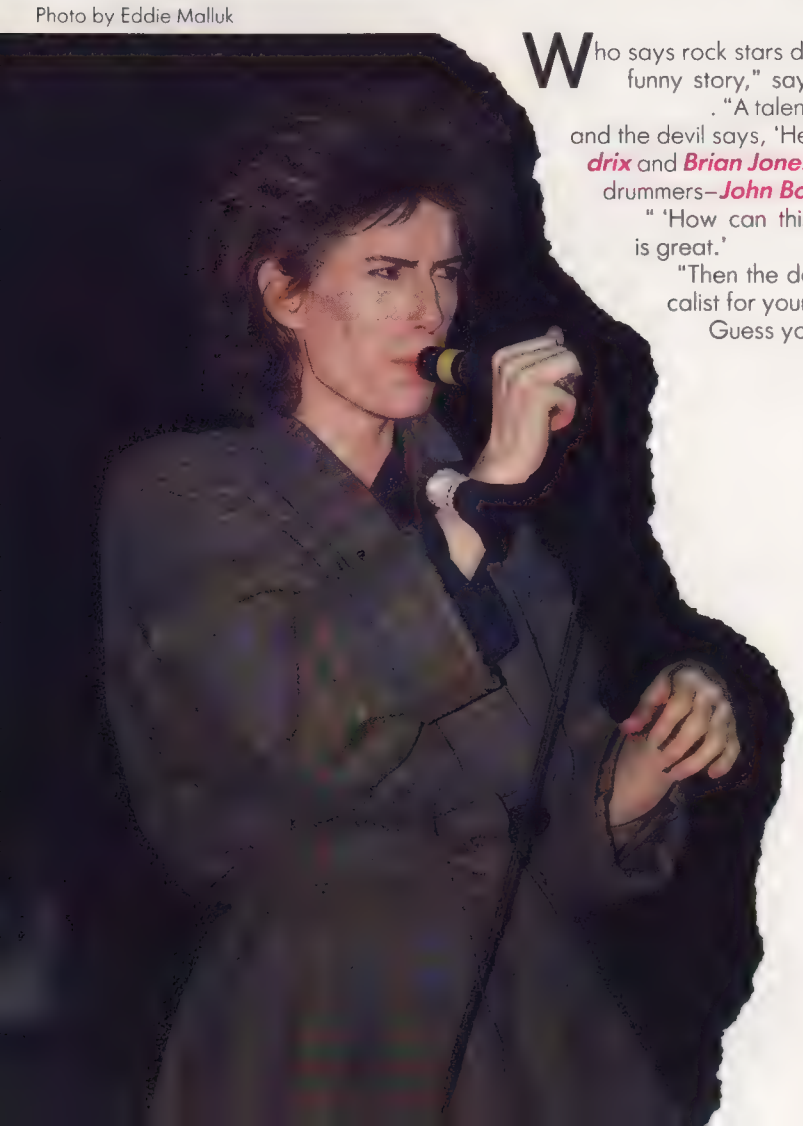
Is it true Def Leppard's *Joe Elliot* and his colleagues are prepared to take a bath–in harsh press criticism–when their as yet-untitled fourth LP hits the shelves? Yes, these hard-of-hearing felines are expecting a media shower because their last album, *Pyromania*, sold a healthy six million copies–which makes their new vinyl offering ripe for rock-critic raspberries–and because it's been more than three years between records. "We've always held the theory that we don't want to put out a record every nine months," explains Elliot. "We'd much rather put out a record every two or three years that's of real quality."

It's just one of those names," says drummer *Greg Hynes* of the Phoenix-based Mighty Sphincter, "that you throw out and everybody says, 'What a great name.' " Well, dubbing one's band after a muscle capable of closing a bodily opening may or may not be beneficial to success, but these self-styled anal-rockers have squeezed out a steaming new LP titled *The New Manson Family*–produced by *Alice Cooper*! Despite losing bassist *Joe Albanese* to a debilitating disease, this noisy group of Spahn ranchers continues to push on–which only goes to show that there is life after toilet training.

Photo by Chris Walter

From our Beloved Leader Department comes word that Tony Iommi's near-paralyzed Black Sabbath may try to team up with Ozzy Osbourne again in another attempt to salvage the ailing band's slipping popularity. The group, which is now on its fourth vocalist since the Oz went solo, apparently hasn't maintained its "band most-preferred to commit suicide by" status. And, according to insiders, the only thing that can restore B.S. to its former majesty/credibility would be an appearance by the famed bat-biter himself. Wait, doesn't this seem like another case of deja vu?

Photo by Eddie Malluk



Who says rock stars don't have a sense of humor? "It's a funny story," says the Psychedelic Furs' raconteur, . "A talent agent goes to hell to form a band, and the devil says, 'Here's your two guitarists–***Jimi Hendrix*** and ***Brian Jones***.' Next the devil says, 'Here's your drummers–***John Bonham*** and ***Keith Moon***.'

" 'How can this be hell?' thinks the agent. 'This is great.'

"Then the devil says, 'And here's the lead vocalist for your band–***Karen Carpenter***!' "

Guess you had to be there . . . .

A band without groupies? So seems to be the case of neo-psychedelic, U.K. chart-toppers Doctor and the Medics. "We've never, ever had groupies," claims *Doctor*, the group's lead singer. "We've never even been offered one." Granted, *Doc* and the *Anadin* brothers–*Richard, Steve* and *Vom*–aren't ravishing beauties. Nonetheless, you'd think there'd be at least one hard-up female fan. "Our support groups get 'em, but we don't," laments the *Doctor*. "So we say to our supports, 'Look, we ain't got no groupies; so back to our hotel and bend over the table, you bastards!' "

RAP

Photo by Ross Halfin

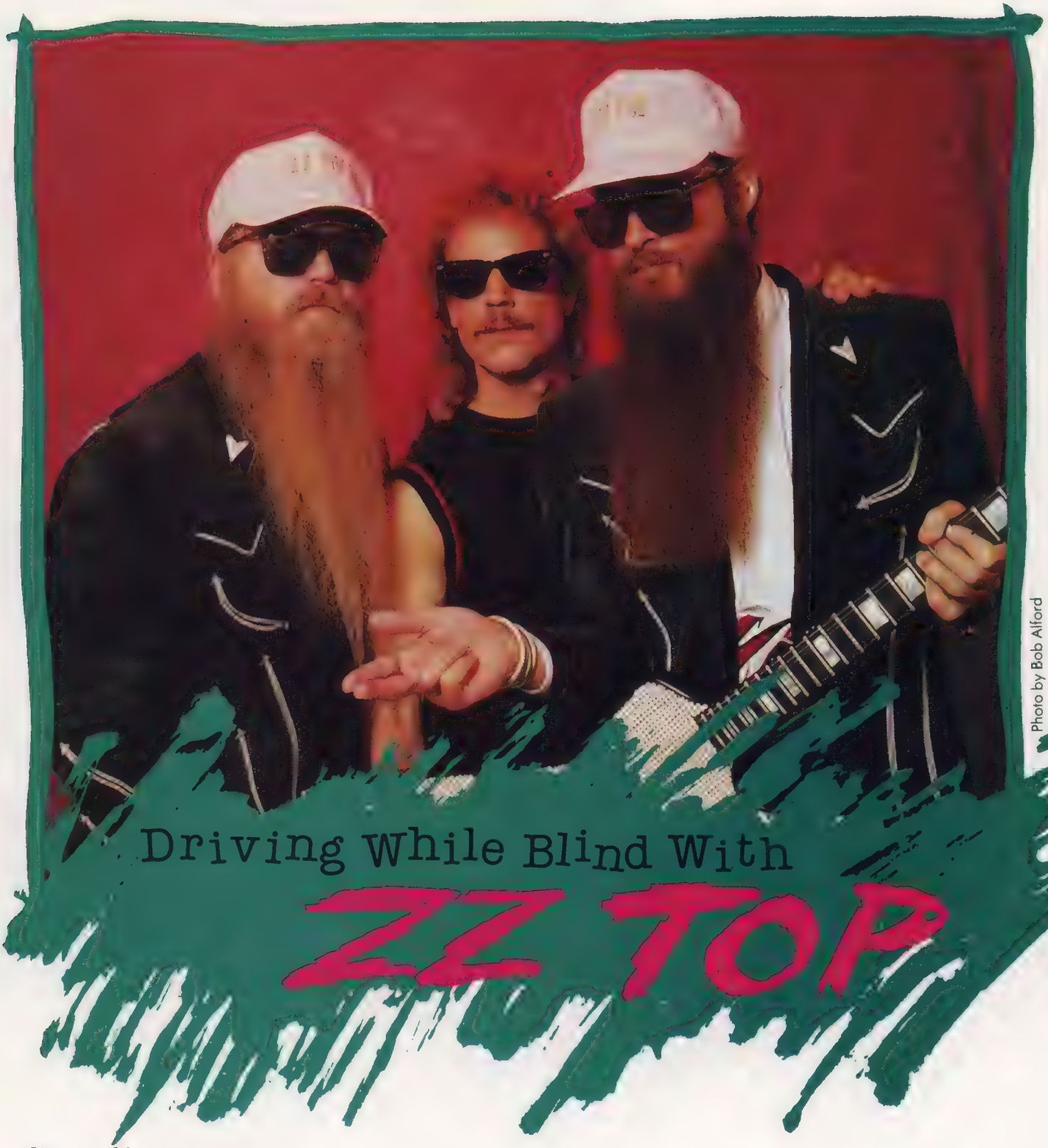


Photo by Bob Alford

Driving While Blind With ZZ TOP

by Jodi Summers

"How come his name is Frank Beard and he doesn't even have one?" asks almost every nouveau ZZ Top fan this side of Texas. It's an adequate, though inane question: After all, his accomplices, guitarist Billy Gibbons and bassist Dusty Hill, both sport beards long enough to make eating soup extremely difficult.

"I had a beard one time," Frank protests. For proof positive look at the inside sleeve of 1979's *Deguello* album, and you'll find that Dusty and Billy have the beginnings of their infamous fuzz–each had started growing a beard unbeknownst to the other during ZZ Top's two-year hiatus following the sellout World Texas Tour. Frank, on the other hand, is sporting a mere month-long outgrowth.

"It's too late for Frank to start now," comments Dusty, ever protective of his longtime compadre.

"I'd be a close second at most," chips in the clean-shaven Frank.

It's true that these blues-based brothers are three of the nicest down-home boys you'd ever want to meet–but with those funky flycatchers and that definitive Texas drawl they seem more like tobacco-spitting cattle barons than platinum rock 'n' roll gods. Yet there's no denying the facts. Two of ZZ Top's ten albums have gone platinum–1983's *Eliminator* and this year's *Afterburner*. And their collection of seven videos has been in almost constant heavy rotation on MTV over the past

three years. Everybody seems to enjoy Billy, Dusty and Frank playing congenial, enigmatic gurus to a bevy of some of the finest milk-fed misses you ever did see gliding around in the strangest collection of vehicles this side of the lunar module.

"Hey, we know those girls wouldn't look twice at us either," says Beard, epitomizing ZZ's self-deprecating wit.

Interview day happens to be the day they're shooting the video for the tune "Velcro Fly" from their new LP. The guys are psyched, but not about doing another video. What they're thrilled about is the arrival of the latest in the long line of ZZ Top custom coupes (and you thought the Eliminator Special was the one and only). This one, dubbed the Leaping Limo, is one long, sleek, 1948 Pontiac customized in traditional ZZ Top style.

"It was our decision to bring it out here to the West Coast and revive it because it needed some attention," explains Billy about the car, which was picked up from somewhere on the expanses of his guitar roadie's ranch. "The first thing we did to it was cut it in half and lengthen it." Thirty inches, to be exact. The top was lowered 4", then they added some hot rod Chevrolet-engine and suspension parts, outfitted it with center-line racing wheels and Goodrich competition T.A. tires. What was an old clunker lying around the grounds of Jimmy Emerson's farm has been turned into an elegant limo–with plush, grey interior and the well-known ZZ logo.

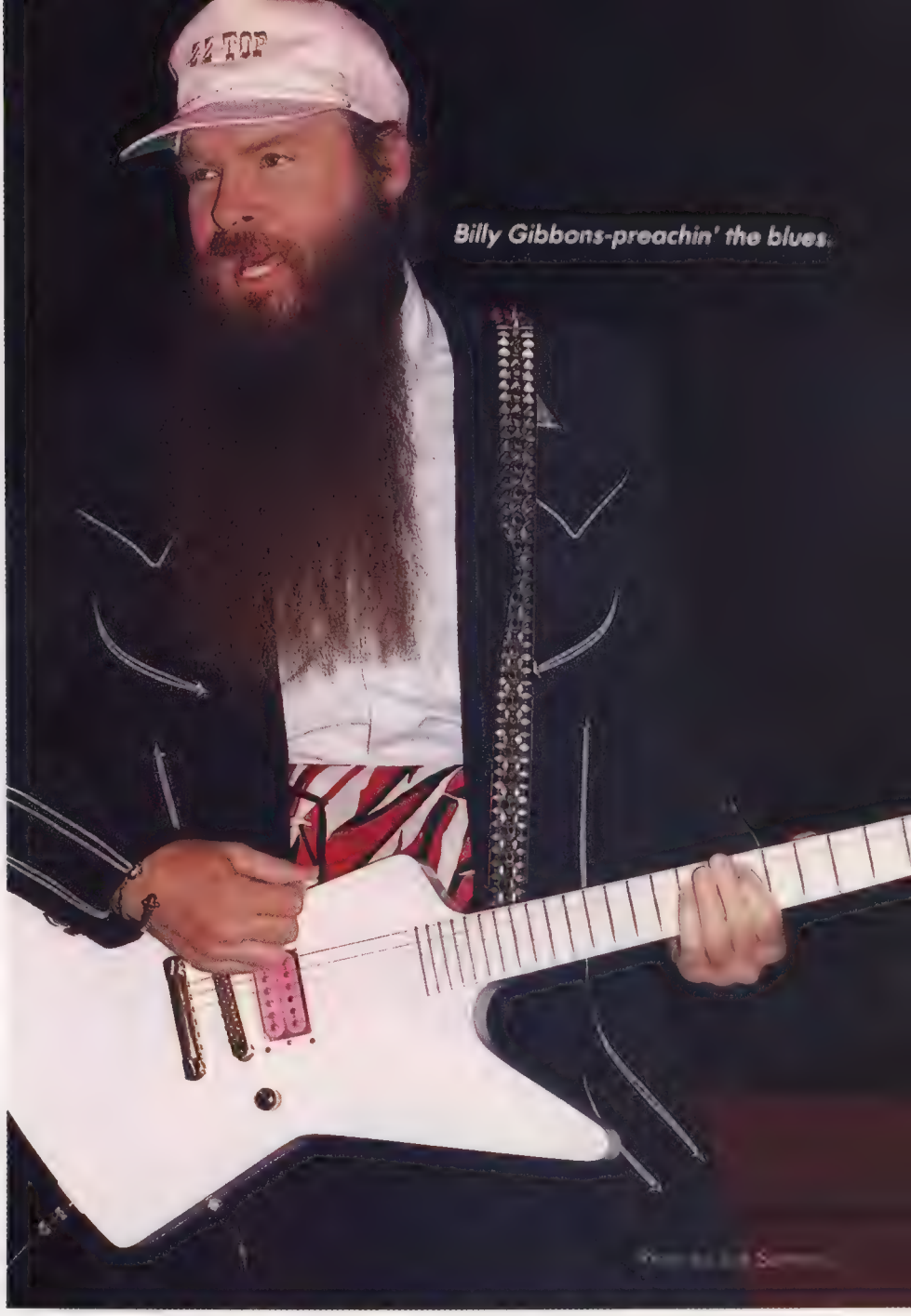
"Mention Dick Dean," demands Billy, as he sprawls his lanky, 6'-plus frame out on the couch of the band's air-conditioned tour bus. He's more than happy to be away from the sweltering heat under the studio lights. "Mr. Dean's outfit is responsible for the graphics. Kenny Youngblood designed 'em."

"Henny Youngman?" questions Dusty.

Billy continues, so used to Dusty's one-liners, he doesn't feel the need to respond. "Dick Dean is the great unsung hero of the custom-car industry. He has more firsthand work in the building of custom cars, and somehow it always winds up that he never gets mentioned. But it's Dick Dean that does the building–along with Big Daddy Roth, who did his own work most often. I've been a fan of Big Daddy since way back when. Between the two of them, there's probably not a famous custom car that hasn't had some of their input. I'm just excited as hell about this new car. So was Dusty. His first question was, 'How much did it cost, because I want one?!' "

"It was the first thing out of my mouth," Dusty echoes grandly.

So, now you too want to know how much it costs.



Billy Gibbons-preachin' the blues.

"We're still paying for it," Billy hedges.

"Just the right amount," adds Frank, lounging by a table and sipping from a can of ever-present diet soda.

So add another custom car to ZZ Top's collection. That makes how many? the Leaping Limo, the Crazy Car, the Eliminator Special, a pair of '57 Porsche Speedsters, a '65 Chevy Impala low rider, the motorcycle Frank chopped up about 15 years ago . . . the list goes on and on.

"We've all had an interest in it since we were kids," explains Billy. "Rock 'n' roll, hot rods, pretty girls, all of these elements that we've come to be known for have always been our institutions."

How far back does it go? The guys have been into music–specifically the blues–since way back when, and at a mention they will launch into a lengthy ramble concerning Texas bluesmen.

Dusty got into spilling the blues at age eight, when he'd sing in beer joints where his mom (also a singer) worked. Guitar playing came to him at 13, and bass sometime after.

Billy was also 13 when he picked up his guitar; but unlike Dusty, who came from the "other" side of the tracks, Billy was a "nice boy." His daddy was a pianist and sometimes-conductor with the Houston Philharmonic.

"His housekeeper taught him," heckles Dusty.

Yep. The family maid, Stella Mathews, got Billy into the blues.

And Frank, well, Frank was 14, and he needed a job; so he started working in a strip joint playing backup. It made for some great stories; but Frank, who's the

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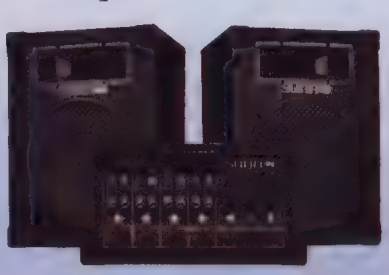

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Dusty HAV and his latest hot rod, the Tycoon Tub

only married ZZ (he has twin boys and lives on a golf course), wasn't about to give any of them up.

Cars . . . that's been with each of them since they were old enough to admire a '57 Chevy.

"It was always in us," confirms Dusty, his feet propped up on a camera case and his hands behind his head. "But when you don't have much money, there's nothing you can do about it."

"What we're talking nowadays is the fancy cars. We've got some personal machinery back home that are just cars," comments Billy rather seriously. "But through the years there have been some spectacular automobiles."

"All of the cars we've had have been great in their own way," states Dusty. "I mean, what about the Dodge Dart? That was as spectacular as you could get."

"The Dodge was my first car," explains Billy. "It's still running, as a matter of fact, and it can be heard at the beginning of 'Manic Mechanic.' But the original ZZ car was a Triumph TR3, owned by Frank as the Pooky mobile and later to be owned by Dusty as the Pookster."

"That name came from a patent-leather driving hat we used to wear when we rode in the car. That car's probably worth a lot of money now," Frank adds, enjoying the story. He throws a glance Dusty's way. "I had two of them. What I sold to Dusty was the best of both."

"Hey," Dusty defends. "When Frank sold the car to me, it had to be parked on a hill because it wouldn't start. You had to pop the clutch. Anyway, Frank got his share out of it. He had to push it with me. He always rode alongside."

"Hey, dude, pass the eye drops."
Photo by Tom Farrington

It seems as though Frank and Dusty have been friends forever. In the days prior to ZZ Top–the latter half of the psychedelic '60s–they played in a period-influenced Dallas-based band known as American Blues. Their claim to fame was that these guys would dye their Beatle-boy haircuts blue. They even rented a room over a garage from a welder. And in that garage they created all kinds of trouble.

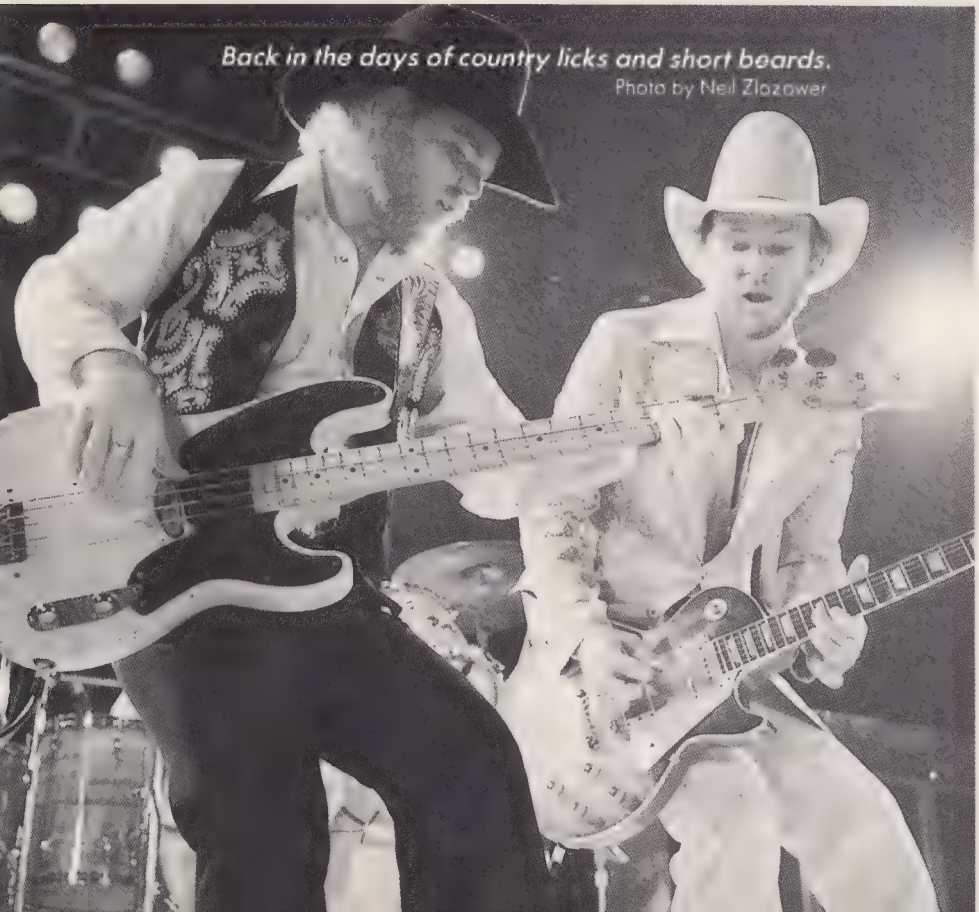
Dusty likes the story about the time Frank spent an entire year putting together a souped-up motorcycle. With the help of his landlord, he chopped it and added to it until it got to be 11' long. Because of its size, it had a wide turning radius–it needed about four lanes to turn. Frank was so pleased with his creation that he even personalized it. Once, while he was working on his bike, he grabbed a white-hot pipe, which took the top layer of skin off his hand, and imprinted it on the bike–ZZ's version of Indiana Jones.

"I'd just sit down in the garage on the beer chest, drinking, while Frank souped this thing up," Dusty says innocently.

"Finally, after about a year of preparation, I got it ready," says Frank. "The bike had everything on it: a sink, a bathtub . . . everything. The moment I pulled out of the driveway, my neighbor sees me and calls the cops. I didn't even get to the end of the street before the cops descended on me like a SWAT team."

"I watched him go down," recalls Dusty. "I remember thinking that this thing took an awful lot of room to turn, and I hoped he could find a space that was big enough, but they got him before he had the chance."

"They got me, all right," continues Frank. "And they gave me 24 tickets . . . no driver's license, no registration, no headlights, no taillights. They wouldn't even let me drive it home. I had to walk it. I went to court, and the judge said, 'Son, we can fine you for all of these things, but



Back in the days of country licks and short beards.
Photo by Neil Zlozower

Photo by Bob Alford

I'll drop the charges

if you sell the bike.' "

This souped-up little trickster is quite a step away from ZZ's modern conversions–which they plan but don't actually execute. Instead, they leave it to the pros . . . like they did with their most famous chop-top, the Eliminator Special.

"The Eliminator '33 Ford started as a project back in 1978, " Billy recalls, "and the only reason we finished after five years is because I'd taken so much ribbing from my two partners here. It became Billy's folly."

"Billy's *second* folly," corrects Frank.

"Tell 'em about the Ford," jokes Dusty.

"We attempted to chop a '51 Ford."

"Wo, wo, wo, wo . . . we?" asks Dusty.

"Well, I," Billy qualifies. "I attempted to chop a '51 Ford."

"The first thing he does is tuck 'n' roll the seats which, if you know anything about cars, is the last thing you should do," says Frank. Having put his two cents in, he makes his way to the tour-bus door.

"We can't get out of this bus," he screams. "It's locked!" Dusty gets up to investigate the situation, and the two create a ruckus until a roadie comes over.

"Get Neil–he's the only one with the key," commands Dusty calmly.

"We can't get out of here!" panics Frank.

"Looks like you're in trouble now," laughs Dusty.

Billy could care less. He's happy lounging on the couch, and is intent on discussing the Eliminator. He strokes his beard.

"The ZZ car was started after the L.A. Roadsters Father's Day show," he continues casually. "I saw the Pete Chapouris California Kid, which was in the movie *California Kid*, and I said I wanted one like that. I was led to Mr. Don Thelan of Buffalo Motor Cars in Paramount, California, and he did the construction on the car. It was five years in the making, and the day the car was finished we named the album *Eliminator* and decided to use it on the cover. From there it went to the videos and became a star in its own right. Since then we've never seen it. It's been on its own little tour."

Since the ZZ boys have been out on their 220-date *Afterburner* tour, they've had precious little time for cruising–or much of anything else. Billy's six cars (he'll buy anything that's been customized), and Dusty's and Frank's mere four each are doing nothing more than collecting dust and craving attention.

"Hey, I'd be happy driving this right now," comments Billy about the bus.

"We were interviewing this journalist last week," Frank jests. "She said that driving through Texas was boring, especially from El Paso to Abilene. I told her, 'Not the way I drive. If you do it in a Volkswagen, maybe.' She hung her head in shame and said her car was a Rabbit."

Hot Rods, fast cars, clunkers–the lil' 'ol bad boys from Texas have had them all. Take Dusty, for example. He had a Maserati and a clunker all wrapped up into the same car. As the story goes, he had just gotten it out of the shop. It was shiny, impressive as hell and capable of doing unknown m.p.h. He was driving along casually, on his way to pick up a date. No problem. Hit a stop light. No problem. Started it up again. Second gear. . . the stick shift came out in his hand.

"The whole thing," Dusty laughs. "I mean, I got to second, but that was it. I pull into a gas station, and it's still running. I called my date and said, 'Darlin', I'm going to be a little late.' I told the people at the gas station. They just stared into the car with disbelief."

When you're talking Maseratis, standing still might be better than driving anyway. . . you know how finicky policemen can be. Still, if you're famous, sometimes you can get away with a signature.

"They always want you to autograph your tickets," says Dusty, patting his beard. It seems to split in half at times and look something like the letter *V*.

Frank just looks at Dusty and laughs. "Yeah, I'd grow one if they'd give me a fair shot, but it'd be like a 100-yard dash with them starting on the 99th yard. I do have really impressive underarms though. Do you want to see?"

Fortunately, before Frank has the opportunity to raise his arms, he's distracted by some noise at the front of the bus–the sound of a seal being broken–and the door opens. It's party time. . . .

FRESH BLOOD

A jumbled, beautiful mess of guitar squack, post-logical finesse and overall tongue beauty," say some. "Pink Floyd meets the MC5," say others. Such are the phrases of glory pouring from the lips of the people in the know about the Flaming Lips–perhaps the first band to ever to leave Oklahoma City alive.

And now, just as the fiery-mouthed gossip is reaching a feverish pitch, the Flaming Lips have parachuted into the big leagues as a three-piece band–not that they had any intentions of doing it that way. But such is fate.

You see, way back in the summer of 1983, when drummer Richard English, bassist/backing vox Mike Ivins, guitarist Wayne Coyne and vocalist Mark Coyne were battering around in their Oklahoma City garage, they were a four-piece. Then their big break came. Someone heard 'em pounding away in the garage and offered them a gig playing dance music at an all-black bar. Now, the Flaming Lips aren't really a dance band . . . they prefer playing their thrashy, trashy originals with a dose of the Who thrown in for good measure. But it was cool. The Lips got it together and even got two encores–playing the "Batman" theme twice.

Ballsy and confident, they released a self-titled record on their very own Lovely Sorts of Death Records, launched a tour of the Southwest and, as is usually the case, became poor but famous. Traveling through the desert squashed into a van, however, wasn't brother Mark's idea of fun. He left the group, stating that it was impossible to be in a band and live a normal life. No brain damage for him.

And so we now have another three-piece band, and *Hear It Is*. The Flaming Lips' first big-time album has now been released by Pink Dust Records. Snatch a copy, and maybe you'll help them reach their goal of being as big as the Beatles!

–Jodi Summers

THE FLAMING LIPS

What's that, you ask? The effects of love and sex on the manic mind? Sigmund Freud would say the human beast is a strange and beautiful creature. Take the archetypal case of bassist/songwriter/ex-Black Flag member, and underground-music god, Chuck Dukowski. Angry, dispossessed and disillusioned by life, our illustrious patient assisted in the creation of many musical statements of frustration. Just to watch "the Duke" in action, grinning and glaring, pumping his jungle-beat bass like a hungry war demon from the underworld, was to watch a man either totally insane or in the painful throes of genius. But something's happened lately. The fiery spirit's still there, but it's been tempered by some sudden wisdom, not by the erratic hand of anarchy. And the resultant rhythmic manifestations are a glorious rosebud of fire and passion, fever and energy. What has caused this remarkable transformation? "Sex," admits Chuck, "is the seed behind all my wisdom."

SWA, Dukowski's latest musical incarnation, is nothing short of phenomenal. With the incredibly charismatic and vocally talented Merrill Ward blowing sour snotballs onstage like a whale spouts water, "Nazi Sex Doctor" Greg Cameron on drums and Amazon guitarist Sylvia Juncosa freshly added to the lineup, this group transcends both the punk and metal pigeonholes. The group's latest LP, *Sex Doctor*, is highly recommended for love-hungry psychopaths. *–Jesse Garon*

SWA

Raleigh, North Carolina's, Corrosion of Conformity are the '80s answer to Black Sabbath. Expanding beyond their initial hard-core barrage, C. O. C. take metal by the balls and literally redefine the term, punctuating a brooding dirge with lethal doses of speed and energy. Satan and spandex are far from what this outfit is about. True to their origins, they are one of punk's most committed bands and, as apparent on their self-released debut, *"Eye for an Eye"* (No Core) and the more recently released *"Animosity"* (Metal Blade/Restless), C. O. C. aren't afraid to raise their voices in protest of the mad world in which they reside.

"With all the censorship and potential censorship that's going on these days," says bassist Mike Dean, "I think that it's advantageous to music as a whole that bands such as us and Metallica are testing the boundaries of what you can do and say in an intelligent manner." Since their formation in the basement of guitarist Woody Weatherman's parents' house in late 1982, the band, driven by the raging drumbeats of Reed Mullin and the gut-level delivery of newly joined vocalist Simon Bob Sinister (ex of Raleigh's Ugly Americans), has been embraced by a wide variety of headbangers and punks alike.

"The audiences are getting bigger and, although we can't relate to them in many respects," muses Simon, "there is some amount of education going on. If we are able to reach one out of ten people, then we've succeeded in communicating our thoughts and ideas–which is what we're really all about."

Corrosion of Conformity walk the tightrope between punk and metal. Their maelstrom of musical brutality is without equal, often exceeding velocities established by the likes of Metallica and the Bad Brains while incorporating the melancholy pace of Sabbath. "Too much of the recent crop of thrash-metal bands have little to offer in terms of musical and lyrical originality," concludes Mullin. "C. O. C. are pretty radical in comparison."

–Mike Gitter

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY

Loud, fast and guaranteed to annoy your nice accountant boyfriend, the double-lead-guitar blast of the Little Kings rearranges hairdos and eliminates the need for prissy, messy gels. Keyboards or pretty glam costumes are nowhere to be found, and don't confuse their Austin, Texas, origins with any of that New Sincerity whatchamacallit stuff.

Nick Ferrari started the Little Kings in 1981 with then-15-year-old Charlie Sexton furiously pounding away on the drums. Charlie later switched to bass, and his little brother Will stepped in behind the drum kit. Different personnel lineups performed around the Lone Star state after Charlie went on to become a big rock star, but, says Nick, "Austin just wasn't much fun anymore." So he left the rest of the band behind and moved to Los Angeles in August of 1985. Old pal and Hollywood Hillbillies' guitarist Gary Dixon introduced Nick to singer Bernie Bernstein, who in turn brought in Phast Phreddie and the Precisions' drummer Chris Bailey. The addition of ex-Rik L. Rik guitarist Gore Verbinsky and Tommy Wright on bass completes the current Little Kings lineup.

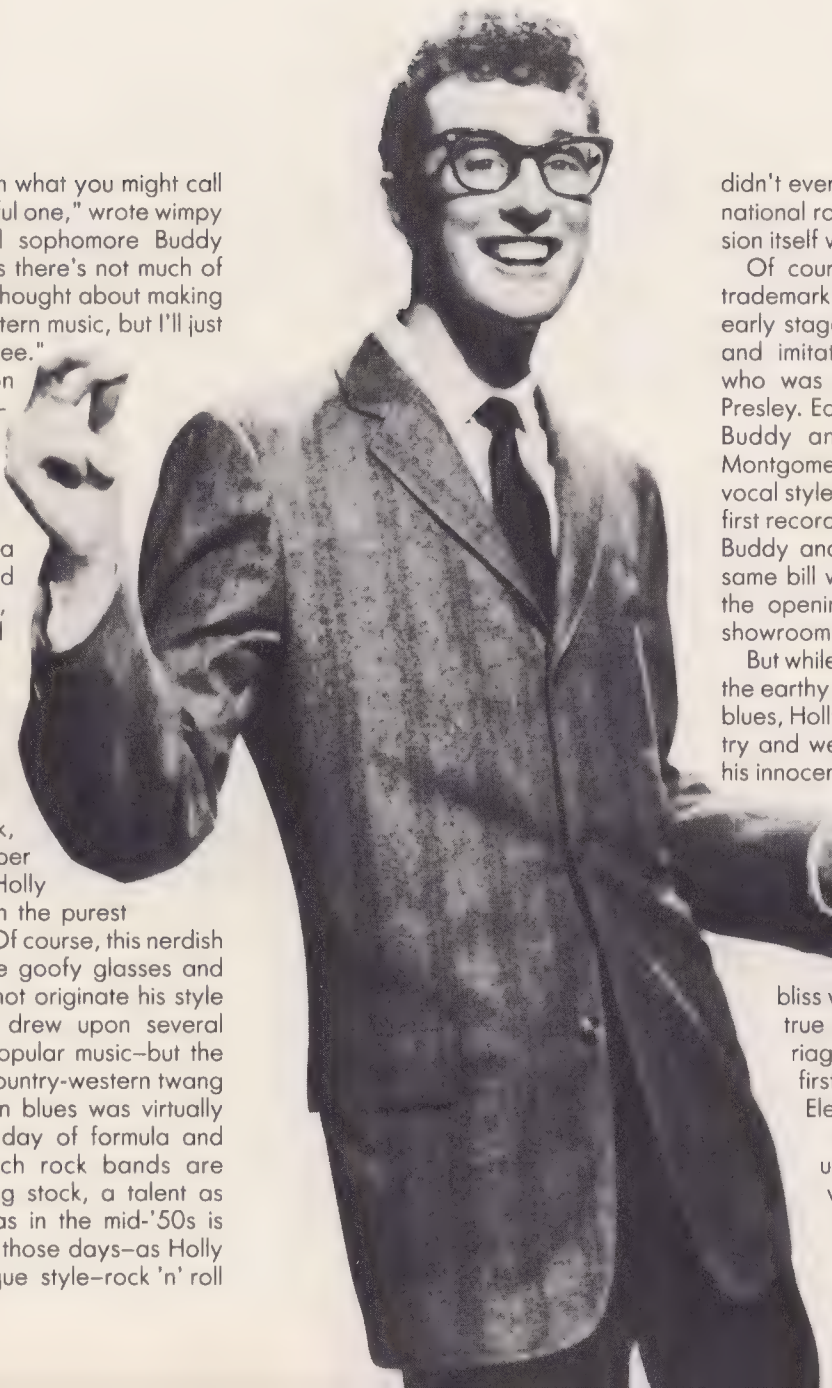
Being the jokesters and manly men that they are, the Little Kings' debut vinyl will be an "MP" [medium play] record tentatively titled "Let Them Eat Meat." The disc will feature songs by Nick, Bernie and Gore and a few tunes co-written with producer Charlie Sexton, a frequent guest guitarist at Little Kings' gigs. ✗ *–Stella*

THE LITTLE KINGS

Photo by Chris Amouroux

LEGENDS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

BUDDY HOLLY: The Nerd Prince



My life's been what you might call an uneventful one," wrote wimpy high-school sophomore Buddy Holly, "and it seems there's not much of interest to tell. I've thought about making a career out of western music, but I'll just have to wait and see."

Six years later, on February 3, 1959–when Holly's lifeless remains were pulled out from a bloody wreck of a chartered plane in a snow-covered field outside Clear Lake, Iowa–not only had he made a career of "western" music, he'd also become one of the great founding fathers of rock 'n' roll.

Born in Lubbock, Texas, on September 7, 1936, Buddy Holly was an innovator in the purest sense of the word. Of course, this nerdish young man with the goofy glasses and uptight stance did not originate his style singlehandedly–he drew upon several existing forms of popular music–but the resulting blend of country-western twang and white, Southern blues was virtually brand-new. In this day of formula and packaging, in which rock bands are cloned from existing stock, a talent as fresh as Holly's was in the mid-'50s is hard to imagine. In those days–as Holly developed his unique style–rock 'n' roll didn't even have a name. There were no national rock magazines, no MTV. Television itself was still in its infancy.

Of course, Holly didn't arrive at his trademark style overnight. In fact, in the early stages of his career Holly idolized and imitated another Southern singer who was just gaining popularity: Elvis Presley. Early demo recordings made by Buddy and high-school partner Bob Montgomery were remarkably close in vocal style and overall sound to Presley's first records on the Sun label. At one time Buddy and Bob even appeared on the same bill with Elvis–a show to celebrate the opening of a Pontiac car dealer's showroom.

But while Presley's early sound drew on the earthy sensuality of black rhythm and blues, Holly took the sound of white country and western music and set it against his innocent vision of beauty and true romance, a world of "true love ways."

Holly's lyrical statements of love and devotion, infatuation and bliss were no mere pose. Who but a true romantic would propose marriage–and be accepted–on the first date, as Holly did to Maria Elena Santiago in 1958?

By 1957, after cutting several unsuccessful records in Nashville, Holly's talent had matured. In that year, under the guidance of producer Norman Petty, Buddy and his

backing band, the Crickets, recorded what would become their first hit–"That'll Be the Day." Seven more top-40 records followed during '57 and '58, and cut during those sessions in Petty's Clovis, New Mexico, recording studio was the song that would become most closely identified with Holly, "Peggy Sue."

Near constant touring of the U.S., Great Britain and Australia followed, with short breaks to record new material. But only two albums, *The Chirping Crickets* and *Buddy Holly*, were actually released during the singer's lifetime.

Holly left behind dozens of recordings, many in simple demo form that were later over-dubbed and released after his death. One can only marvel at the widespread influence of a musician who hit the charts in 1957, released two albums and was dead two years later. The Beatles–named, as it happened, in tribute to the Crickets–are easily the most famous and most heavily influenced Holly followers. Performers as diverse as the Everly Brothers, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Bob Dylan all have roots in Holly's music. Holly was one of the first white rockers to record his own compositions, and even the now-standard two guitars, bass and drums lineup can be traced to Holly and the Crickets. The double-tracked guitar and vocals that give "Words of Love" and other Holly songs their unique sound is an innovation that predated modern multitrack recording.

There's little dirt to be uncovered in the Buddy Holly story. Ambition, innovation, and a willingness to experiment all helped Holly earn his legendary status. His tragic death robbed the world of an incredible talent. *–Adam Goldman*

Big Daddy Roth
JUNKYARD GURU

by Scott Morrow

Photography by Gary Leonard

Remember back in the '60s when a fuzzy, fly-infested rodent with big feet and bulging eyeballs annihilated the likes of Mickey Mouse and corrupted the minds of thousands? Well, anyone who did any kind of living at all in those days will recall Ed "Big Daddy" Roth as the champion of inherently Californian pastimes such as hot rods, weirdos, surfing and–drum roll, please–Rat Fink! One of the most monumental cartoonists of the '60s, the influence of Roth's greasy, pimply, slime-covered monstrosities can be seen throughout today's media–from movies like Gremlins and Explorers to the current komix/punk style of drawing.

Ed Roth was born 55 years ago, during the Depression, in Beverly Hills, California, where his father worked as a chauffeur for Hollywood movie stars. Later, after moving to Bell, California, he developed his interest in one of the average teenager's greatest passions–hot rods!

In the mid-'50s he began building custom funny cars like the outrageous Beatnik Bandit–a wild, purple, bubble-topped cruiser with a single hydraulic wand for

both steering and acceleration. And in the early '60s he developed quite a reputation for the wigged-out, revved-up, car-cruisin' monsters he airbrushed onto T-shirts at car shows. Big Daddy originally intended to frighten away and disgust his rather pesky, underage customers by making his T-shirt creations, later known as "weirdos," as hideous and ugly as possible. But to Roth's surprise, the kids loved them–they couldn't get enough! Even today he still receives letters from famous artists, political bigwigs and business executives, who always say the same thing: "My mom used to get mad at me for drawing your monsters, but. . . ." Dan Aykroyd, for example, searched out Big Daddy and had him print up a couple of his classic "Wild Child" shirts for the film Neighbors.

In addition to cartooning and car building, Big Daddy's found the time to design album covers for the Stray Cats (Rant 'n' Rave) and the Birthday Party (Junkyard). He's now working on a new book, Whatever Happened to the Beatnik Bandit? The True Confessions of the World's Most Exotic Car Builder, and is planning to make an animated Rat Fink using all the latest techniques in computer animation.

What follows is a discussion with Ed "Big Daddy" Roth–a guy who at 55 is hipper and cooler than 90% of the lounge lizards and jet-setters in New York and London combined. Always one to spot a trend, Big Daddy is, as always, still on top of things–as the following interview illustrates . . . .

RIP: Do you think pop lifestyles are a lot different now than they were back in the '60s?

BIG DADDY: Yeah, for one thing, the type of music that was happening back then had a lot more lyrical content–which isn't true anymore. Musicians don't say anything important in music anymore–today, lyrics are replaced by volume. And it's going to be hard to top guys like Fats Domino and Chuck Berry, or even less popular groups like the Diamonds and the Ventures. When you listen to stuff like Chuck Berry, you rock out, you have a good time. But as soon as the Beatles hit in '64, it changed the mood of American music. Their message said, "Drugs are okay."

RIP: You don't use drugs anymore, but weren't you pretty crazy back then?

BIG DADDY: Well, I started in '65. Generally, the public wasn't yet aware of anything worse than pot. There was no Seconal, speed or LSD. But by the time the '70s were here, everybody was into drugs. Today, however, kids are getting smarter. They can see the damage done to their parents.

RIP: Weren't you a beatnik back then?

BIG DADDY: Yeah, I was a beatnik. I had the beard and all. Back then everybody started growing them . . . and long hair. By the time the '70s rolled around, all the kids had long hair. I couldn't handle it after a while; so I shaved and got a haircut. Now I notice all the kids have short hair, and they're really very clean-cut. But some of these old guys, 40 years old, still have long hair with a bald spot in the

Druid Princess

middle! And there's nothin' worse than an old beatnik walkin' around with a bald spot!

RIP: You were in one of those old beach party movies with the Beatnik Bandit. What was that like?

BIG DADDY: The thing about those old beach films was that they were good family entertainment–they ended happily. Nowadays, you're depressed when you come out of a movie. Pictures like *Poltergeist* I can't watch 'cause I want to feel happy when I get out and go work on the car in the garage.

RIP: Have you ever gone surfing?

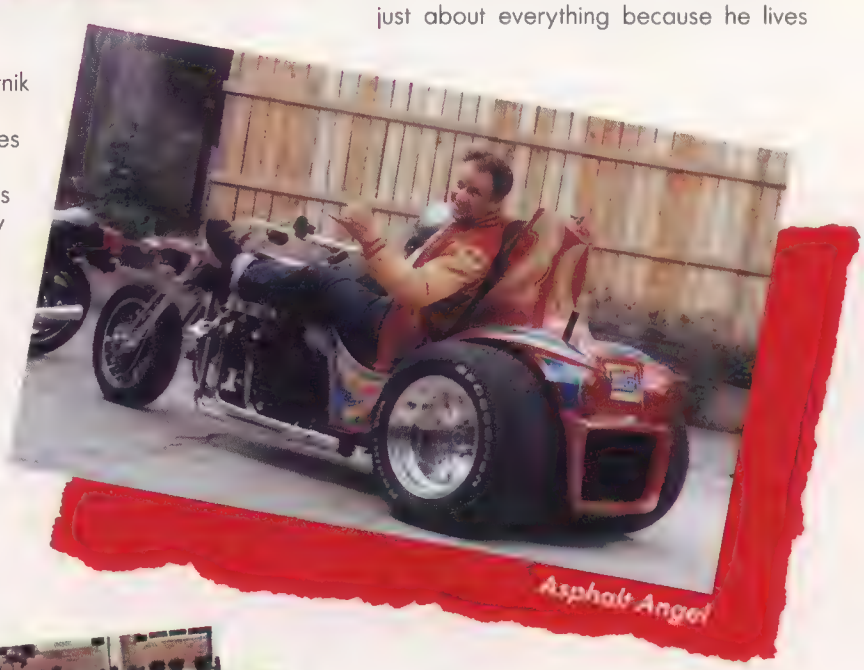
BIG DADDY: In the old days–back in the '40s–we used to go down to the pier off Huntington Beach, wait for the high waves and jump off. It wasn't illegal back then. You see, there were only a few guys who had surfboards, and those boards were made out of 2" × 4"s dowel-pinned together. Nobody could get a real surfboard. In those days it was swim fins and snorkle tubes. And the first boards, the wooden ones, were seven feet long–you just got out there and rode in. There were no lips curls, no aerials, no back dashes, nothing. The old-time surfers didn't worry about a tube because you couldn't get in anyways–you just went with the wave. Now they're really sophisticated. They've got these quad thrusters and all . . . well, you've got to be an athlete to run one of those.

RIP: Are you happy to be a native Californian?

BIG DADDY: Yeah, I really feel that I've been blessed. In the army I was stationed in South Carolina, and I thought that if I ever got back to California, I'd never leave.

RIP: Do you feel the time is right for Rat Fink's reemergence into modern society?

BIG DADDY: I think the public is ready for him. Rat Fink and his buddies are still super-hip characters. Of course, his father never went to school, but he knows just about everything because he lives



Asphalt Angel

around pigs, cows, snakes and dogs. And when you live around the farm, you quickly learn what makes things tick–you don't need a classroom. So you have Rat Fink Senior giving you a real simple answer to big problems. [In Rat Fink Senior's voice] "Listen, love is the most powerful force in the world, son, and that's the answer to your problems." You see, now we've got a complete family of characters that are hip. And nobody talks about cruising in cars anymore–skateboarding, music and surfing are the things kids are into now.

RIP: Is it true you're going to produce Rat Fink for Saturday morning cartoons?

BIG DADDY: Well, we are finally animating Rat Fink. The animator is busy right now working on a Spielberg project, but we've got some development money waiting.

RIP: Who's your animator?

The incredible Outlaw

The Big Daddy family car.

BIG DADDY: Skip Jones. He's worked for Disney, and he has quite a reputation in and around the cartooning business. Four or five other cartoonists called me, but none of them had a style I call "dragmanship"–where you distort a car so much that it looks like it's doing 90 m.p.h. standing still. Skip came up the ranks painting at the car shows, doing T-shirts and stuff, and he could knock out Rat Fink better than I could.

RIP: What do you think of those new Garbage Pail Kids?

BIG DADDY: They're groovy! But I don't think there's any other character around that'll give Rat Fink any trouble–maybe Captain America. One Rat Fink strip will have a war between the super heroes, but he's gonna wipe them all out, no problem.

RIP: What do you think of today's cartoon strips?

BIG DADDY: I've read strips from across the country, and my biggest problem with today's humorists is that the kids cannot relate to what they're saying. They have nothing to do with modern street life. You know, they talk about other things than stuff like hair and clothing styles. . . .

RIP: Like politics?

BIG DADDY: I don't even have time to talk about politics–that's very personal to me. So I try to stay away from any mention of Reagan. Life in the street is so much more down to earth.

RIP: So what do you think is cool on the streets right now?

BIG DADDY: To me, the ultimate in coolness is a guy with a mini-truck–the top cut off, a great sound system and hydraulics that'll make the truck dance. That and the sidewalk-surfing craze are where it's at around the country.

RIP: Is it true that you throw a big Rat Fink party ever year?

BIG DADDY: Yeah, it all started back in '63, and it's turned out to be quite a sensational thing. Right now I've got about 600 junior Rat Finks–fan-club members. We get a car, and we all pinstripe on it. We've destroyed a car every year for about three years. Once we had a Hertz rental car–a brand-new Lincoln. I even got Von Dutch out there, and it's the only place he goes.

"T-shirts are my life!"

RIP: Who's Von Dutch?

BIG DADDY: Not everyone knows about him, but Von Dutch is the guy who originated pinstriping. He's 60 years old, and he didn't want to go at first. It's like the video I made of him pinstriping. He absolutely did not want to do it; so I said, "Okay, Dutch. Die and don't tell the kids what you've learned." He thought about it for 15 seconds, then said, "Oh, like a teaching manual. Okay. . . ." Now I have it on videocassette.

RIP: Do you still like building cars at 55?

BIG DADDY: I like the car I'm building now. I sat in it for three hours the other day just to see if I'd get sore anyplace. I want to ride that thing across Russia; so I want it to be comfortable.

RIP: Are you talking about your latest creation–the Globe Hopper?

BIG DADDY: Yup. It's an ultralight thing I'm building in my garage right now. It's got a Volkswagen engine in it that'll run on all different types of gas. My hope is to show the Russians stuff they'd really like to see, because I don't believe war solves anything. I think you solve more by going to the neighbors and saying, "Hey, look . . . what's your opinion? What's your attitude about life?" You don't have to go slug him! This is the way we are, and this is the way they are–how can we live on the same globe and coexist? You don't have to go around threatening each other with atomic bombs and stuff.

RIP: The Globe Hopper is half-car, half-motorcycle. What do you think about motorcycles?

BIG DADDY: Motorcycles are the reason Revell cancelled my original contract. Back in 1965, they told me to quit ridin' bikes. I just told 'em "These things are gonna be hot." You see, there's a lot of love in those old Harley's. A lot of chrome, a lot of planning and a lot of work. Even today a lot of guys won't ride anything but a Harley.

RIP: Isn't it true that Revell's reissued some of your model-car kits, using the original molds from the '60s?

BIG DADDY: Yeah, they're selling like hotcakes–and that makes Bid Daddy proud. They're on the trail again of bringing back cars to the attention of the teenagers, which is good. That way the kids'll be able to take advantage of the latest technology, and they'll be able to take off with it and do more.

RIP: Were your custom-built cars built for show or performance?

BIG DADDY: Only a couple of cars–like the Druid Princess and the Beat-

(Continued on page 66)

HOT RODS 'N' ROCK 'N' ROLL

In the day we sweat it out on the streets of a runaway American dream,
At night we ride through the mansions of glory in suicide machines.
Sprung from cages out on Highway 9,
Chrome-wheeled, fuel-injected,
And steppin' out over the line.
Baby, this town rips the bones from the back.
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap.
We gotta get out while we're young,
'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run.

–Bruce Springsteen
"Born To Run"

by Bob McClurg

Photo by John Harrell

Ronnie James Dio

Cyndi Lauper

Photo by John McCartney

Real-life experiences are the stuff of which rock 'n' roll music is made. Without those universal inspirations like teenage romance, lost love and growing up, it's very doubtful that popular music throughout history would have enjoyed the immense impact on its young listeners that it does today. And more than almost anything else, the all-American hot rod has played a very important part in the development of the art.

Although there's almost a 30-year time warp between the 1960 classic "Hot Rod Lincoln" and Prince's "Little Red Corvette," the message remains the same: Without car-inspired lyrics, rock music just isn't the same!

The machine of a dream, such a clean machine.
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam.
When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear.
When my hand's on your grease gun,
Oh, it's like a disease, son.
I'm in love with my car, got a feel for my automobile.
Get a grip on my boy-racer rollbar,
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

–Roger Taylor/Queen
"I'm In Love With My Car"

Bruce Dickinson
Photo by Ross Halfin

Photo by John Harrell

Photo by Paul Natkin

More musical pap from a rock band looking for a hit single? Not quite. Queen's drummer Roger Taylor is a well-known car enthusiast. In fact, Queen even organized their Eastern European tour so that Taylor could drive the British inaugural lap of the newly completed Formula One Grand Prix circuit in Budapest.

Is Taylor just a platinum sheep? Not quite. After all, what's the first thing that almost everybody does when they get a bit of money? Buy a nice car, of course.

When David Lee Roth decided to go solo, for example, he collected three acclaimed, but not particularly successful musicians–he gave Steve Vai, Gregg Bissonette and Billy Sheehan their big breaks. You can probably figure out what Billy did with his first lump sum of cash.

"I just like the feeling of being in a car and having people look at me," comments Sheehan. "A car is a uniform, a way of saying, 'Hey, this is what I got.' If I have to drive around in something that's beat, it's like saying, 'Ahhhhh . . . I'm not doing so good.' When one car drives by another, they're saying to each other, 'Hey man, how ya doing?' A brand-new Corvette is how I'm doing. I don't do it for my ego or to flaunt it. I just feel that, after driving a '77 Pinto for the past four years, this feels great! Never in my whole life have I ever had a new car. This is the first time!"

"Rock 'n' roll and cars go together," declares rock guitarist Vinnie Vincent, "because you've got power right at your foot. When I listen to rock in my car, the connection between the power of the car and the power of the music goes hand in hand. And when I'm on a straightaway–really pinning this car–and I've got something really blaring, it all fits together. It really makes driving fun."

But not only is the musical illusion of the slick, sexy driving machine noticeable in rock 'n' roll–so is the actual image. How many videos can you think of that have the opulent image or the sensual illusion of a sleek automobile gracing the screen during this three-minute-plus commercial? Hundreds. And what about album covers? There's the infamous Volkswagen with the license plate LMW-28IF gracing the cover of the Beatle's *Abbey Road*. How about the luminous old clunker on the Rene Magritte-styled cover of Jackson Browne's *Late for the Sky* and the getaway car that pierces the midnight blue on the cover of the Firm's *Mean Business*–just to name a few. And how can one forget the ever-famous Eliminator Special that appears on the cover of ZZ Top's ninth LP?

Of course, you can credit ZZ Top for getting the ball rolling. However, the fa-

(Continued on page 68)

Photo by John McCartney

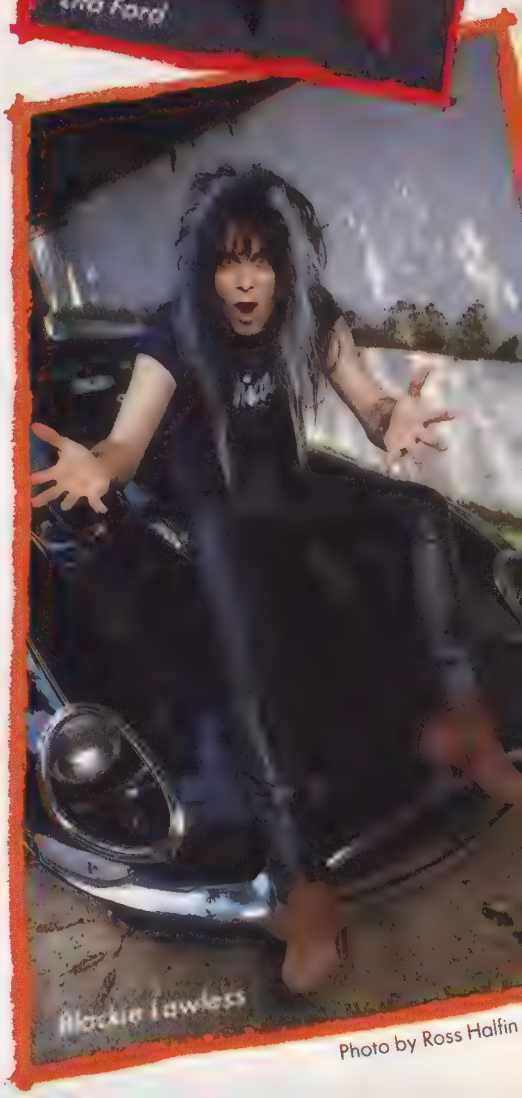


Photo by Ross Halfin

DAVID LEE ROTH

FAT CAT GOES VROOM!

by Debbie Metal

Photo by Neil Zlozower

Once upon a time, that great God of genre and perspective came down to Earth and divided things into categories–creating what would come to be known as stereotypes. And by some odd coincidence, he put parties, sex, late nights, slick cars and rock 'n' roll all together! Thus, to the good churchgoing moms and pops–who listen only to Muzak–any younger person who drives past with their radio turned to a slightly audible level is no different than the gearheads who race down Main Street in their jacked-up rods with Led Zeppelin cranking. Although God created people that way, the church does not approve. "Go for a bicycle ride and listen to Barry Manilow," they say. "Fun of the other type is just not healthy. How can you listen to that screeching, anyway? And no, you cannot borrow the car."

"Did you ever notice whenever they have advertisements on the radio for a drag race, they scream, yell and make it as dangerous sounding as possible?" inquires David Lee Roth–an instigator from the other side of the fence. "They seem to do the same thing whenever they make an ad for a rock concert. The drag race ads go exactly like this (Dave goes into his late-night metal deejay voice): *'That's right, racing fans. Twenty gallon, 20 nitrofuel burning dragsters about to eat you alive. Thursday! Thursday night! Thursday! Be there!'*

"It's the same thing for the rock concerts, but with different words: *'That's right. They're young, they're hot, they're good-looking and they're gonna hump your brains out! Friday night! That's Friday night at eight o'clock! Be there!'* "

Hmmmm. . . . Twin sons of different mothers? Do the Sunday-morning deities carry any credence in their lectures, or do they just enjoy playing it safe? Have they ever taken anything to the max? We leave you to ponder these questions and others. . . .

"I like screaming sports . . . like racing, skiing and rock 'n' roll," comments live-it-to-the-limit Roth. "Something where you push yourself just a bit beyond your level of control and, instead of hitting the breaks, you just scream! Some people drive that way, and some people approach insurance adjusting that way."

Won't your parents just hate for you to read this? But wait, why should we stop there? Let's take it one step further and get them totally pissed. After all, there's only one thing that complements cars and rock 'n' roll better than a cold beer. It's that tantalizing element that makes every rock star look like a macho stud–and every car look like a hopped-up '57 Chevy. Yes, it's the bikini-clad female! Have a beautiful woman leaning over and admiring your beat-up '67 Volkswagen, and it adds an air of respectability. Even if you're the most repulsive creature on the face of the planet–scrawny, with potholes littering your flesh–if you

pick up a guitar and find yourself a sweetie, then you're no longer so ugly. Hey, and if you've got some good tunes blasting from your car stereo, and a babe or two in your heap . . . then you've got it made!

"For my first car date I went to Delaware Park in Buffalo, and I didn't even get laid," laments Billy Sheehan, David Lee's recently acquired bassist. "Here we were in the back of this Subaru. Her dress was

Photo by Neil Zlozower

off, every item of clothing I owned was down, and we were both hot and heavy. The windows in the car were all steamed up when out of nowhere came this siren. A police officer comes up to the window and shines a light on the girl, trying to get a peek! Cops do that all the time out there. I don't think they really want to bust you, they just want to see what you've got."

Notice he left out the music. Had he added rock 'n' roll, he would have been left alone. Just take a look into Mr. Roth's kitchen drawer and see what I mean. You know the drawer, the one you put all the stuff in that you want to look at one day, but you're never quite sure when you'll get around to it. Well, Dave has one of those, and it's littered with copies of the *Village Voice, BAM, Playboy*, a French fashion journal (filled with clothes and women) and a big mess of car-nut magazines.

Cars? David Lee Roth? Why not? He's a guy. He's into rock 'n' roll. He likes girls. They all go together, remember. Granted, Roth isn't tickled by your traditional fast rock 'n' roll cars like Corvettes and Ferraris. Nonetheless, he adores his cars, which epitomize him and his untraditional David Lee Roth manner. Ever since he was a kid ambling around his swan pond in New Castle, Indiana, David Lee has always been a tad off the norm. After all, why would anybody want to be normal when God made it easier to be different?

"I had a problem in seventh, eighth and ninth grades with my personal identity," he relates. "See, I was always getting dressed up, wearing fancy shoes, jewelry, cutting my hair funny. That's where the moniker Diamond Dave came from. They always called me that."

"I forget what he was dressed in when I first met him," recalls former Van Halen mate Michael Anthony about David Lee. "Some type of tux vest with a cane and hat. He had long hair. I don't know if he had it colored, but he'd done something weird to it. He said, 'How do you like my outfit, boys?' and I just went, 'Get this guy away from me.' "

David Lee is one of those who never bothered to follow trends–except his own. He inevitably has the loudest mouth and the loudest clothes.

"Hey, life is one big barbecue," he says.

Yes, give Dave an inch, and he'll take

DAVID LEE ROTH

Photo by Yoshi Ohara

Photo by Neil Zlozower

off at 95 m.p.h.–with or without a car. But when it comes to cars, cruising around in style has various meanings. If it's business and he's looking to get somewhere, we're talking the big, black Mercedes. You know, the grand, prestigious, expensive model with the tinted windows. The type of car where you try to figure out who's in it, and you assume it must be some uptight asshole of a businessman. That's Dave's car for doing what he has to do–and for being an ass if he so feels like it.

"The last time I saw him (Dave), I was on the way to rehearsal," reminisces Edward Van Halen . . . the opposition. "I saw this black Mercedes. I pull up to it, and I'm going, 'Goddamn, that sure looks like Dave's car.' And it was. I honked and waved, and he just drove off. . . ."

Ahhh, but there's another side of Dave, the side he chooses us to see most often. You know, the adorable, rainbow-bright panther cub. The one that laughs and jokes and says rock 'n' roll is one big party.

"I'm not worried about my image because I've never set out to build one," he says. "I was always vocal to the press, and I love taking pictures. I hope you'll come to some wonderful conclusions about me. I'll love to read them, good or bad. Just anything but indifferent."

David Lee fell out of indifference about the same time he fell out of the Boy Scouts. Then, as a reward, his dad, Nathan, moved Sybil (his mom), Allison and Lisa (his little sisters) and the budding pubescent David Lee to heaven–Pasadena, California (a northeastern suburb of Los Angeles), home of another legendary car freak, the little old lady immortalized by the Beach Boys.

"I love Hollywood, Los Angeles, that whole thing," he explains about this spiritual home. "We have everything there . . . it's just so spread out. You definitely have to know how to use your car. The first thing you do when you get some money is get a car. The second thing you do is get another one."

Dave was too young for a car back then, but he wasn't too young to appreciate beautiful girls, the beach, sunny Decembers, the palm trees and Mexicans. As he recalls: "My whole life changed when I was about 12 years old and integrated busing came to Pasadena. It wasn't because of family upbringing, or religious training or Pop Warner football or any of that regular stuff. I was going to schools that were 80 to 90% black and Hispanic. I was learning to dance. My whole life took a decidedly left turn."

Yes, as opposed to becoming a nice Jewish boy, David Lee migrated, learning Spanish while working as a cleanup boy in a stable and becoming infatuated with the ornaments of Mexican culture . . . low riders included.

The low-rider phenomenon . . . unless you've lived in a Southwestern American city with a large Mexican-American population, you have yet to experience this fantasy on wheels.

First the vehicle: Take one big, old, American car and let that become your life. Forget the gangs and any sort of troublemaking. In buying this car you've sold your soul to good citizenship–and gained a bit of status for the traditionally low-to-low-middle income Mexican-American. Forget your parents and your eight brothers and sisters or your wife and five kids–your car has now become the recipient of all your free time.

Take this big, old clunker and shorten the suspension coils–make them hydraulic. Lower the body of the car to the legal

(continued on page 56)

KILLER WHEELS FROM HELL!

THE DEATH-MACHINES OF SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES

Article by Bruce Kalberg

Photography by SRL/David Kinahan

Oh, brave metal world that has such people–and technology–in it! Like a half-wit monkey with a live grenade, mankind has seemingly developed advanced machinery too dangerous for its primitive intelligence and pushed itself closer to the veritable edge of total extinction than ever before. Take our mechanized vehicles, for example. They take us to work and back, become objects of erotic fantasy–and also kill and maim us. But we love them anyway, sit in them, drive them around and entrust our very lives to them. Occasionally, we laugh at some Rube Goldberg contraption, yet look on in terror as the NASA space shuttle explodes in glorious color on national television, annihilating national heros. But, by and large, most of us passively accept our machine-saturated environment, halfheartedly diverting a fair share of whining and bitching in proportion to other ambient elements contributing to 20th-century

Spiked-Roller Machine›

‹Ramrod Car

Radio-Controlled Tank

life. A select few, however, would rather become masters in this new chrome world than be obedient slaves to modern-day technocracy.

Mark Pauline, prime mover of Survival Research Laboratories, started constructing his unique machinery for public performances in San Francisco around 1978. Along with his cohorts, Matt Heckert and Eric Werner, Pauline began hauling away heavy machinery from abandoned factory facilities around the Bay Area. Businesses, it seems, were moving away to other communities–industrial wastelands of the future–and leaving behind great treasures in industrial appliances. From these metallic implements SRL created their toys–toys to entertain the masses. Their shows typically contain a variety of remote-controlled vehicles in violent postures or mock-battle situations. For example, aggressor machines attack and destroy less-aggressive mechanized participants, images of assassinated presidents become the targets of radio-controlled exploding rockets mounted atop unmanned assault vehicles, and dead, decaying animals walk through robotic means and die again at the mercy of other nefarious mechanisms. Today, SRL performances draw enormous audiences to witness the mechanized spectacle. In 1985, a performance held along the austere concrete banks of the L.A. River attracted more than 5,000 people, filling two sets of bleachers constructed especially for the event.

Few comparisons can be drawn to drag races, destruction derbies or other commonplace, machine-oriented affairs. The movements of SRL's machines mimic the nightmarish battlefields of the 20th century coupled with brutal medieval war devices–such as catapults that heave live bombs into the arena, which explode where they drop, or walking engines that stab with long, knife-wielding arms. The creation–and destruction–of these cruel bits of metal is not without a price, however. . . .

In the early '80s, Pauline began experimenting with explosives and jet fuel. At his junkyard shanty car batteries fed wires into solutions that precipitated certain explosive chemicals. To demonstrate the properties of one such precipitate, he carefully dipped the uncoated tip of a paper match into a small pile of off-white powder lying on a counter top. He walked it attentively across the room to his pot-bellied stove and let it drop . . . *kerblam!* It exploded with the force of an M-80. Mark smiled, and his eyes twinkled. A few months later, however, Mark was seriously injured while working with rocket fuel for one of his experiments. It was worse than unpleasant, but all in all, he was lucky–one hand had been blown to smithereens. In order to retain the prehensile function of his hand, doctors elected to remove two toes from Mark's foot and graft them onto the club-like stump. It all goes to show that some people are completely devoted to their work.

What sort of goals motivate these modern-day mad scientists? What plans are we in store for in the future? "Basical-

(continued on page 58)

The ultimate in taste!

"The Ultimate Ozzy" can only be yours on home video!

From Sabbath Era classics to this year's spectacular Ultimate Sin Tour, 15 outrageous concert and concept performances put you in the action and take you beyond your wildest fantasies!

****15 JUICY CUTS****

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WILD STYLE

Photography by Stella

Sick of seeing French froufrou frocks in fashion magazines that no one in their right mind would wear? Looking for a little fame and fortune to go along with your hot, new clothing sensation? Well, fill out the model release on page 57 and send it in with your photograph today! Who knows? You might be on your way to well-dressed stardom.

Good old Crazy Color gel puts the fire in Christen Buchanan's hair while Nana's of Santa Monica, California, put the boots with skull buckles and the black-rubber skirt on her lovely body. She made the green top herself and used a hair ornament as an earring.

David Alexander Settle plays bass in What Makes Donna Twirl? and conceals his identity as the Witch Hunter General with a three-piece suit. The design on Regina's denim jacket was painted by the raven-tressed hairdresser herself.

Lovebeads, rocksweat and anarchy accessorize the red stagewear of Thelonious Monster's drummer, Weissmaster, while fellow Monster Billiard goes in for the graphic color-burst effect. Doesn't shirtless Anthony Kiedis–of the Red Hot Chili Peppers–resemble Grank Funk's Mark Farner circa the mid-'70s?

Julie Sinclair wears the skin of two different species when she goes out to play. The 21-year-old model bought her zebra-striped jacket and slithery, sequined reptile body-suit in her native England.

Stylish Dana proves that 19-year-old artist/go-go dancers from Downey, California, can be elegant too. A basic black-linen skirt is enhanced by her mom's silk and velvet hat and a red-velvet jacket she designed herself.

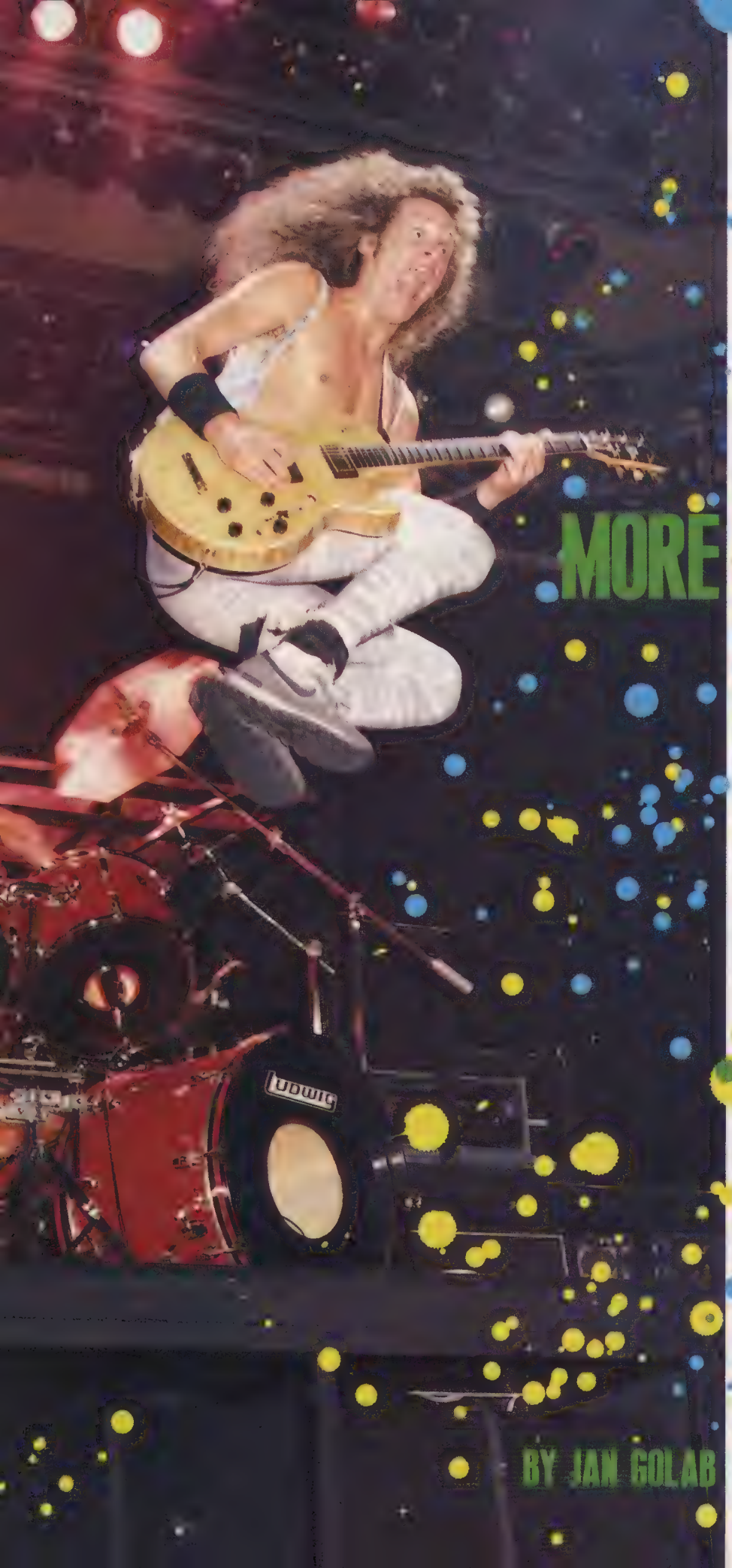
Twenty-five-year-old singer/dancer/musician Alisa likes skateboarding naked while eating exotic frog's legs. She says her shock-treatment-style hair was patterned after Raggedy Ann.

Where's the fire? It's probably in 21-year-old Andrea Chalekson's colorful closet. Her multicolor plaid pullover and red-print dress prepare her for any fashionable occasion.

Actress Dawn Brooks loves to watch her favorite psychedelic performers while dressed up in classic '60s regalia. She keeps the peace in tie-dyed top and pants from Tiger Rose clothing stores. Wow, man, pass the doobie . . . .

Danica Polack combines a Betsey Johnson skirt with a borrowed leopard-skin jacket, while 26-year-old parking attendant Mark Weiner sports the basic "dude" look—ripped jeans, Sid Vicious T-shirt, wrap-around plaid jacket and flat-top haircut. Their buddy Barry Newton keeps his bleached-blond 'do under an RVC beret.

Teen idol Charlie Sexton hits the nightclubs resplendant in a long, luxurious overcoat and red-skinned shoes of unknown origin. James Ashhurst, Jon Howard and Bernie Bernstein, on the other hand, hide their perverse cowboy undies with clothes their mothers would approve of.



Ted Nugent

MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER!

BY JAN GOLAB

Truth is even stranger than fiction when it comes to "Terrible Ted," the real-life rock 'n' roll Rambo. All that stuff about huntin' and shootin' and car crashin' sounds like so much schtick—a media image orchestrated by a team of demented publicists. But that's not the case with the "Motor-City Madman." Hunting, shooting and racing aren't recreational pastimes for the Nuge—they're an integral part of his life. Nugent keeps a regulation NRA target range in the backyard of his spread in southern Michigan, and his arsenal contains more than 100 firearms. He hunts everything (legal) that walks, flies, swims or crawls—traveling from Canada to Texas, Alaska to Africa, in search of fresh meat. And he employs a full-time mechanic to work on his fleet of pavement cruisers and off-road vehicles, one of which is invariably totaled.

Ted's nickname, the "Motor-City Madman," originated from the CB handle he used in the early '70s when he tore up the pavement from Detroit

to Florida, racing from gig to gig–which earned him a bandit-like reputation with the smokies. Driving at the head of a fleet of sleek black limousines, Ted led his Amboy Dukes across cornfields, through swamps–whatever it took to outsmart the bears and make it to the show. Nuge admits to more than 50 speeding tickets–and the boys who rode with him say he outran or outtalked his way out of twice as many. By his own admission, his driving record reads like "Gone With the Nuge."

Apparently, at 37, he hasn't slowed down, not even a tad. "I started playing before a lot of these new young rock stars were even born," Nuge proclaims, "and I'll still be rockin' when they're long forgotten."

We decided to ask rock's demo-derby king about his most recent exploits–on the highway as well as the rock 'n' roll warpath.

RIP: What's your favorite vehicle at the moment?

NUGENT: I've got an '85 Corvette–black with a black graphite interior. It's got the Z-51 competition handling package–which is an option. It's got the 350 with the tune-port fuel injection. It puts out 260 horsepower. It's the fastest, highest-rated handling production car made. It outperforms Porsches and Ferarris and everything else on the road, not only in acceleration, but in lateral G competition and everything else. The car is an absolute dream to drive. I've driven Formula 4's with Parnelli Jones out at Riverside, California, and this is the finest handling car I've ever driven. It's like it's on a track. It used to take me an hour and a half to get from my ranch to the airport in Detroit. Now I can get there in 40 minutes.

RIP: Have you had any recent scrapes with smokies?

NUGENT: Well, so far this year I've been caught three times going over 140 m.p.h., but I've talked my way out of all three of them.

RIP: How?

NUGENT: Well, the first one, I was driving home from Canada with my Irish setter, Popeye, after a little bird huntin', and I was doin' about 140 m.p.h. All of a sudden my new radar detector went on, and instead of hitting the brakes, I just jumped on the gas. The cop never saw my license plate, because by the time he turned around, I was doing 160. It took them an hour to catch me. Not only did I outrun the cop, and the radar–I outran the goddamn radio. They clocked me in Clare (MI) and they didn't stop me until Saint Johns (MI), 140 miles later.

RIP: So how did you talk your way out of it?

NUGENT: I said, "What are you guys talking about? I just got out of the restaurant back there. Me and my dog are just having a leisurely drive home. It musta' been a different Corvette. Do you have a license plate?"

They wrote me up, but my lawyer said, "We'll take it to court. Nobody saw a license plate. It wasn't even the same jurisdiction that stopped you. How are they going to prove that they radioed ahead and six different jurisdictions missed you, and the 'Vette they stopped 140 miles later was the same 'Vette they clocked? We'll fight it, and we'll win." And we did.

The next one, I was going to the Detroit airport. I was doing about 130, and a state trooper hit me with his radar, but he couldn't cross the median because it had one of those dividers. So I just started evasive tactics, and went down an alternate highway. I spotted this guy washing his car with a hose in his driveway; so I just did a four-wheel drift through his yard, pulled right behind his car and hid in his driveway. The cop car just drove right on by. I told the guy washin' his car, "Oh, my brother's a state trooper, and we're just playing a little game. You'll have to excuse me." He laughed as I backed out, and I got away. I wound up driving to the airport via Toledo.

My most recent scrape was just last month. I was driving home from Saginaw (MI), flying pretty good, about 125. I came up to a little pack of cars and slowed down to identify them before I passed. This new '86 Olds Cutlass–they make a pretty fast car nowadays–stayed right behind me. I thought it was just some kid lookin' for a free ride–lettin' me be his bear-bait, so to speak. So I said, "Try this on for size, Cutlass baby," and I got on that 'Vette and cranked it up to about 160. Well, that Olds just turned into a little speck of dandruff in my rearview mirror. But it turned out to be an unmarked state trooper!

He radioed ahead, and I beat two

radio jurisdictions, but they finally stopped me. And the lady who stopped me–now dig this–she wasn't a state trooper but a city cop, because they'd put out an APB. When she pulled me over, she knew me right away from my license plate, because it says "44 MAG." She happened to have a cabin right up by mine in Lake County (MI), and we fished out of the same lake. Soon, three county sheriffs pulled over, and since they all knew who I was, we started jokin'. The lady who stopped me wrote it up for general speed and told me to call the magistrate. Later, I called the magistrate, went up and had lunch with him–and he threw the ticket out!

But that's not the end of it! After I took off, I didn't go five miles before I felt so confident because I'd gotten away with it that I got it back up to 135, and another radar went off. It was troopers, waitin' for me. They pulled me over, and they just talked shop with me, asked me what kind of bullets I was usin'. They just told me to slow down and let me go.

RIP: Incredible.

NUGENT: Absolutely.

RIP: Have you been playing bumper tag with road hogs while touring this year?

NUGENT: You bet. This year there's some new weapons on the market called

the Ford Topaz and Mercury Sable. Those are the finest rent-a-denters ever to come down the pike. They handle fantastically. They just seem to have a little more *snap* when you ram somebody with them. They're probably the finest rent-a-cars ever.

RIP: So you've had a few encounters?

This year there's some new weapons on the market called the Ford Topaz and Mercury Sable. Those are the finest rent-a-denters ever. They just seem to have a little more snap when you ram somebody.

NUGENT: Yeah, me and the boys have sent a few people into ditches.

RIP: What about your off-road vehicles?

NUGENT: Well, we had a little picnic at the farm a couple months back with the Aerosmith crew, and we blew up my off-road racer and blew up my six-wheel drive and blew up a motorcycle. And we blew up a couple of Weatherby rifles, and we definitely blew up about eight acres. It was wild. We had a great day. We ate up about 100 pounds of wild game. It was a major Nugent get-down. We had pheasant, duck, quail, smoked goose, rabbit, squirrel, partridge, woodcock, venison, elk, moose, bear, antelope and goat. I think there were even a couple of neighbor-children fillets in there. We also had smoked a wild boar–we ate a whole boar that day! So if anybody tells you that Nugent's party was a real boar, you know what they mean. It was a real *smoked* boar. Then I showed videos of Fred Bear [world-famous archer and Nugent buddy] killing bears and shit. They were on cloud nine. We also had some fine-ass little damsels around too.

RIP: Have the ladies been treating you good this year?

NUGENT: Let's put it this way. I've never had more fun on the road–ever. Amen. I'm telling ya, if there were that many quail, Paco [Ted's top hunting dog and best friend for the past ten years] would die from exhaustion.

RIP: The steamy stage show you put on this summer while playing "Little Miss Dangerous" caused some of the antiporn rock crusaders to get bent out of shape.

NUGENT: Well, the whole thing got a little out of hand–which is where I like it anyhow. It all started at the Texas Jam in '85.

Usually every band today enters the stage with a big fanfare–special effects, explosives and taped sound effects. Because that's become such standard fare, I decided to go against the grain, and conceived the idea of just struttin' out onstage like the ultimate, most cocky, slurpy dog ever to defile a gangplank–without a guitar or nothin'–and the ovation was sensational. Then I had my girlfriend come out in this outrageous swimming suit with my guitar. I thought *I* got a big response, but hers was just unbelievable. It was like, "Nuge has got this fine-assed bitch bringin' him his guitar–all right, Nuge!" It was just an attitude thing.

Well, that went over like such a mo' fo', I decided to use it as standard procedure this year. So I got this long-legged fine-ass wench out of Detroit, who's got legs up to her ears–just a babe–and she traveled with us the first three months. She'd come out in the finest, sexiest little garter outfit and high heels you've ever seen in your life and bring me my guitar. And at the end of the show she'd come out and pat me on the head, and I'd carry her off to the delight of the male audience–and the female audience, because they're fantasizing too. God knows I'm there if they need it.

As it turns out, I know a lot of girls on the road; so when I'd meet these girls in different cities, I'd think of an added attraction. I wanted to inject something a little more outrageous before Aerosmith got on just to keep everybody on their toes. So one night I got the idea that during the middle of "Little Miss Dangerous" we'd have a sacrificial lamb planted in the front row, with the appropriate accoutrements beneath, bring her up onstage and undress her in the middle of the song. Most of the time it was just PG 13 stuff, just slightly beyond the Disney channel. But a couple of times the silver tongue himself talked the girls into going a little bit beyond, and I undressed them completely. The band's playing, smoke's coming out of the drum risers and the crowd goes berserko. The lights are real low and red, the smoke makes it look like the whole stage is on fire–then I lift her up, lay her down on top of the drum riser, jump up on top of her and dry hump her for about a minute. She just lays there when I'm done like she's been over-Nuged.

RIP: You got away with this?

NUGENT: Sure. Hey, I've got Nuge for you. A couple of cities went a little over the edge. Then she just lays there while I put my guitar back on and finish the song. When it's done, I swing the guitar around behind me and walk offstage with her in my arms–you know, like it's chow time.

RIP: There was somewhat of a riot on the 4th of July when you allegedly pulled a no-show at a ZZ concert in Virginia–and you canceled a week of shows afterward. What happened?

NUGENT: As the summer rolls in, ya know, I sweat so profusely onstage that it softens my damn callouses on my left hand, and I ran a guitar string right through the ring finger on my left hand–right to the bone. It just slit that baby wide open. It was almost like I had a hand puppet on my finger–with a big mouth. It was terrible, but I got around it. I put a little bandage there, and we finished the last two dates before we had a ten-day break. Our break was scheduled to end with a Saturday night show in Virginia with ZZ Top. That show was up in the air. It had never been confirmed because the promoter hadn't sent a deposit–but that situation was totally independent of my finger condition.

My finger seems to be healing over. In fact, I even came out to Los Angeles and did two songs on the new Berlin album. One song is called "Sex Me, Talk Me." I did that recording session in one day. You know how I do guitar solos–just *blaaaaze*. And I also did a little video insert for the Ramones. I flew home that night, went up to the cabin and started fishing. That damn finger of mine just started getting bigger. Finally, it got so sore and swollen, I couldn't stand it–I had to go into emergency. They looked at it and said, "Geez, this thing is seriously infected," and they gave me a bunch of medicine. This was the 4th of July. Meanwhile, we had confirmed the cancellation of the ZZ date over a week before the show, but the promoter kept advertising that I was going to be there. Well, you don't *do* that to Nugent fans. Obviously, they went berserko. It's funny, because that very day I reacted to the fuckin' medicine. I went into goddamn convulsions.

RIP: Your body doesn't take kindly to drugs.

NUGENT: Not kindly at all. I could hardly stand up. I convulsed on the cabin floor. I was barely able to dial a friend's number. He came, picked me up and took me to emergency. They had to poke a hole clean through my finger and go through the infection–just peeled that sucker off. They wrapped my finger up, and I didn't think I'd play guitar for a year–it was twice its normal size, just a mess. But I had another date in two days, and you know me.

RIP: Right. Last year you played for a week with a couple of busted bones in your face after you ate a tree with one of your Broncos.

NUGENT: Yeah, my attitude then was: "You don't need a face to rock 'n' roll." I figured I might be able to get away with a missing finger. I drove home with the kids–stopped on the way and shot a deer first at a friend's private reserve. But the finger was still killing me. I went in to my doctor. He looked at it and said, "Jesus, they missed the front end of the infection." Well, he had to take the tip of my finger off. He peeled that son-of-a-bitch right back and scrubbed that puppy. I was about to shoot him–I was in absolute agony.

RIP: You must have had a local anesthetic.

NUGENT: He started without it . . . but then I put my 9mm in his nose and told him to get wise. I said, "I didn't go to Vietnam, but it's never too late to collect ears, pal. It's Novocaine, or your ears go on my necklace." So he noved me up, took that fuckin' tip off, gave me new medicine. There was no way I could do the show the next night. We had to cancel for a week. I concocted a special little bandage, and I figured out how to play with three fingers. I had to change my style a little bit–but not like there were any stumbles or anything. The difference was imperceptible. The funny thing is, my body mends itself so well, in eight days that whole tip had regrown–like a whole new fingertip.

RIP: Sort of like a snake growing a new tail.

NUGENT: Exactly. It was incredible.

RIP: So what are your plans now?

NUGENT: It looks like we're coming up to one of the best huntin' years ever. The game is way up. Everything in Michigan is wonderful. I've already started putting up new tree stands and puttin' out fresh bait. I'll wrap up the tour in September, and I'll be ready.

Photo by Neil Zlozower

DAVID LEE ROTH

(continued from page 43)

minimum (usually no lower than the bottom of the hubcap). Put on too-small tires with big mags. Get rid of anything that affects the lines–door handles for example. Add chrome trim.

Now you're ready for a super-slick paint job. Five coats of colored lacquer. Three coats of clear lacquer mixed with either a metal flake, pearl or candy-colored paint. Put on some elaborate detailing work. Then finish with eight coats of clear lacquer.

Time for the interior. Replace the normal steering wheel with a smaller one made out of large, welded, chrome-plated chain links. Do the entire interior (ceiling, floor and doors included) in quilted, crushed velvet. Add a chandelier, a stereo and a pair of dice, and you're ready to play.

Second, the lifestyle. Now you're ready to spend your weekend evenings cruising down the boulevard with your pals at 20 m.p.h., getting admired and admiring. Sundays you gather at the local park with the buds–slicked out maximum style–wax your car and practice for low-rider competitions. This entails games like using the hydraulic system to make the car hop off of its front wheels. (The record is held by Ralph "Rag Top" Carillo of Norwalk, California, who hopped the front end of his 1963 Chevrolet Impala 29 inches off the ground.) Throwing scrapes, which means lowering the front end of your car to the pavement and using a steel plate to throw sparks. And then there's the favorite–standing up a box of cigarettes and trying to knock them down by driving over the pack.

Dave, when he came to California, was totally amazed by all of this. So much so that, when he had the opportunity, he picked up a low rider of his own–a 1951 my-heart-bleeds-for-you-red Mercury.

"Ah, man, I've got the baddest '51 low-riding Mercury you ever saw," Dave boasts. "You can barely slip a pack of cigarettes under the back fender. Cars like that, they're like sailboats. You cannot be in a hurry. You must have time for things like going into driveways."

Granted, Dave's low-rider is real cool; not overly cool, as he does have outside passions, but cool enough. Wow! It's a convertible; so there goes the chandelier. And, as opposed to crushed velvet, Dave's got leather–neat, white,tuck-and-roll leather with a thick red stripe up the middle. Add a pair of white fuzzy dice below the rear-view mirror and make the license plate read ZAR and you're set.

"ZAR is supposed to be CZAR," Dave explains proudly. "I got the name from a comic book. When I drive the red car, my Mercury, it looks like a big cartoon. It's great, it's like driving a yacht down the street. But . . . you have to go very, very slowly."

That's fine. When Dave's in that car, he's got nowhere in particular to go, anyway. Perhaps it's a night on the town, one of those nights when he'll dress up in traditional midweek low-rider cholo attire: jeans, T-shirt with a button-down shirt over it and a hat. In that mode, Dave can boogie to the bars and just hang out incognito. "People ask me what I do," he comments, "and I tell them. They never believe me."

Or he just does his thing on the boulevard. L.A. ladies out cruising are looking for strong young men gallivanting

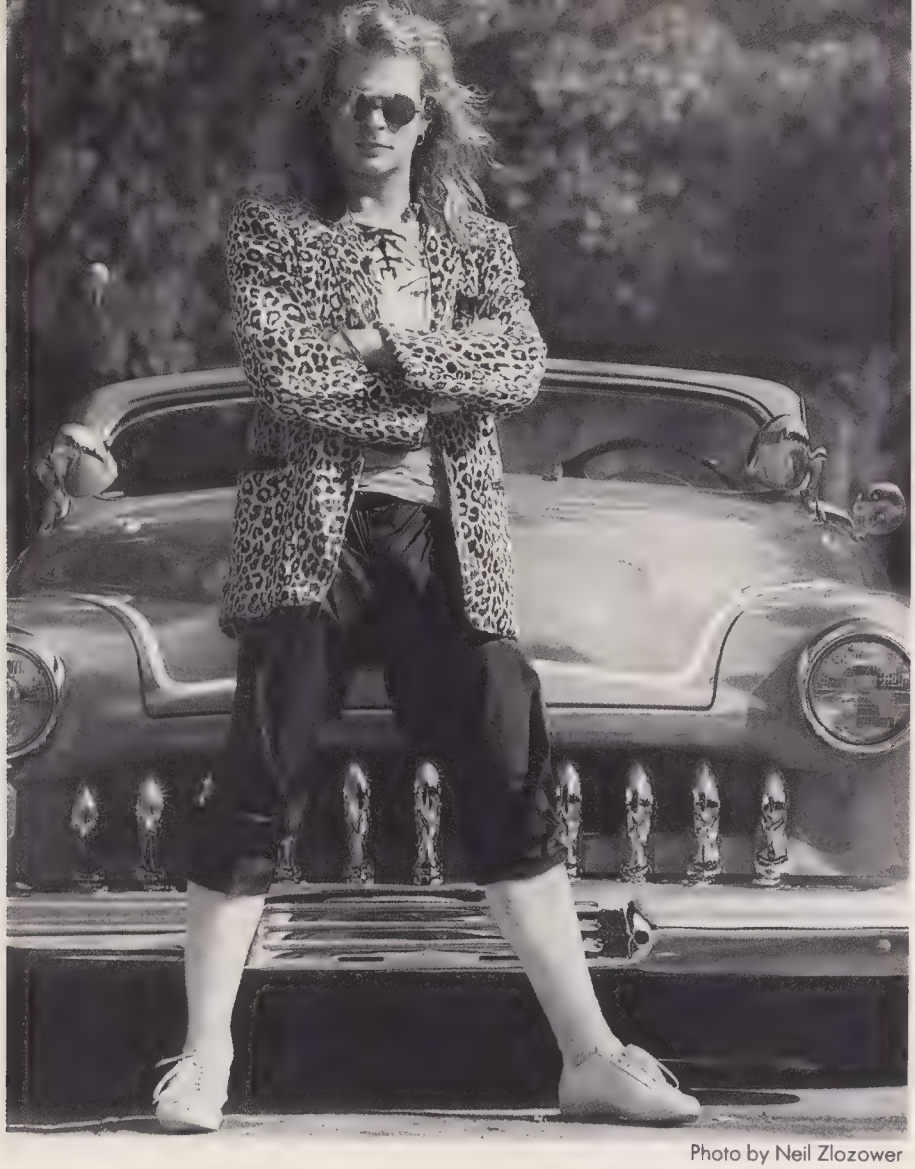


Photo by Neil Zlozower

through the streets at 20 m.p.h. You pick up the lady, you take her for a ride, and you make sure that guys in trucks don't spy on you.

Dave's low rider is unquestionably an essential part of his cool, casual, don't-make-a-clown-of-me-I-can-do-it-better image . . . and an unending source of jokes among his friends. Once, early in the summer of '85, when David Lee was busy exchanging some brainwaves with good friend and fellow Picasso Brother, Pete Angelus, a fun, new laugh occurred. Dave was on to one of his monologues about his car, his exploits, what a wonderful vehicle he had and how the two had so much fun together, when Pete decided to bet David Lee that he couldn't cross the country–from Los Angeles to New York City–by low rider in a mere 72 hours.

Dave went for it.

"Those low riders are designed to go about 20 m.p.h., but I needed to go about 50 to make it. I just had to make sure the roads were cool, straight and slow."

Three days . . . 72 hours . . . 50 m.p.h. . . . 3,000 miles. Guess who didn't sleep too much so he could win? For his triumph, Dave was awarded $5.00.

"I like the tension. I thrive on it. I like the hustle," he says, basking in the pleasure of victory and paralleling his success to his creative endeavors. "I think the best art is created within given parameters. My parameters are rock music." And his low rider. Dave wrote most of *Eat 'Em And Smile* this current LP) and *1984* (his last Van Halen collaboration) while being chauffeured around town.

"Larry (Dave's roadie) drives, and I sit in the back. We play the tape over and over, and about every hour-and-a-half I lean over the seat and go, 'Say, Larry, what do you think of this?' I guess Larry is primarily responsible for what you hear."

And so, one day, long after God had made His categories, He came down to Earth and assigned people. Some He deigned as misfits, others as football players and C.E.O.s. When He came to David Lee Roth, He looked at him and shrugged.

"Boy, where shall we put you?" He asked.

"Everywhere!"

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KILLER WHEELS

(continued from page 46)

ly," says Pauline, "we want to be able to work on whatever we're interested in–with as much as we have now. And our long-range goal is to propagate our situation so that we'll be able to move on to other arenas–like Europe, to the rest of the world, wherever. Maybe we could get to the point where we have live TV simulcasts of the performance, like the way they take a boxing match and make it look like it's a huge event. How many millions of people would see it all at once?"

The following is a list of some of SRL's intriguing machines:

The radio-controlled tank: This small tank is powered by two electric motors and stainless steel treads that drive it forward or backward or in a circle. It has a set of arms that can reach out and grab something firmly, as a 26" spear stands poised to pierce whatever it holds in its hands. The spear strikes with about 1,800 lbs. of force, powered by compressed air. Optional equipment: an appendage with two dog heads that have a rubber bladder underneath them that can be filled with compressed air, blowing the heads off. *(Designed by Matt Heckert.)*

The inspector vehicle: An electrically powered mobile unit, this vehicle has a set of arms that can reach out about 9' from the front of its body. Hydraulically powered, the arms have an independent articulation of the forearms. They can move up and down, in and out, independently of the back part of the arm. It can pick up things with its hands and massage them with its fingers (12" metal spikes). At the rear of the vehicle there is a set of rotary blades made of 3/8" thick steel and about 4' in length. The blades spin at up to 300 r.p.m.'s. The unit is remote-controlled. *(Designed by Matt Heckert.)*

Walking machine: A monstrous machine weighing about 2,000 lbs, it stands about 8' high and it is about 6' square. The leg is designed with a progressive linkage–as it steps forward with the top part of the leg, the bottom part moves more rapidly. The vehicle is hydraulically powered and radio-controlled. It's powered by an 18 horsepower industrial motor that runs two hydraulic pumps that in turn supply the pressurized fluid to all of the cylinders. It will lift itself on two legs and then step forward on two legs, then lower itself down onto those two legs as the other two retract. *(Designed by Mark Pauline.)*

Walk and peck machine: This vehicle has three legs on the back that have about an 18" step per leg, and it has a set of wheels on the front that are for steering purposes only. A gas motor runs a hydro-static drive unit, which is basically a hydraulic drive that has the ability to remain in a neutral position or run in variable-speed forward or reverse motion. This machine has a walking speed of up to eight miles per hour. The pecking device can come down sharply, powered by a compressed-air cylinder in the back. It also has a secondary motion for the sharpened tip that can flip it back and forth. *(Designed by Matt Heckert.)*

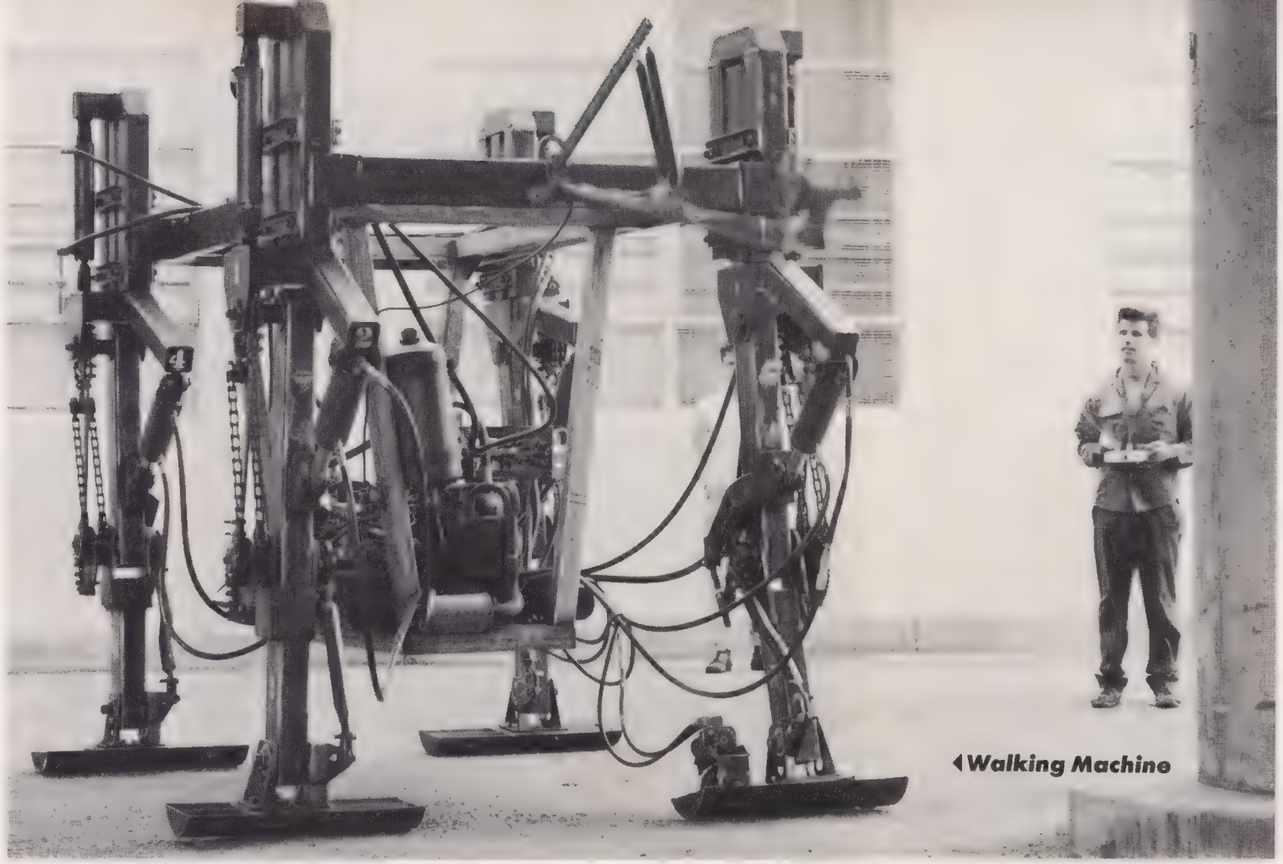
The screw machine: This machine is run by two screw assemblies instead of wheels. There is a set of rollers all along each screw assembly. It can move in any direction–forward, backward, sideways, or at an angle–depending on how the screw mechanisms are turned. This is a unique drive system that the U.S. army experimented with in the '60s. It is remote-controlled. *(Designed by Mark Pauline.)*

Spiked-roller machine: Basically, this vehicle is like a small steamroller with coarse steel spikes radiating out from the surfaces of the front and rear cylindrical drums that act as wheels. This is an autonomous machine powered by a gas motor with a timer and two electric clutches. Engaging one and then the other, it will move in a forward and then a reverse direction. The timer runs the sequence for one clutch and then the other for the same amount of time, moving the vehicle for the same distance back and forth. *(Designed by Matt Heckert.)*

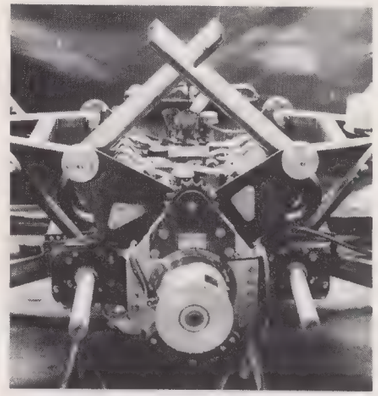
The rabbot: This is a mechanism that harnesses a dead rabbit, moving the legs of the rabbit in such a manner that it appears to walk backward. *(Designed by Mark Pauline.)*

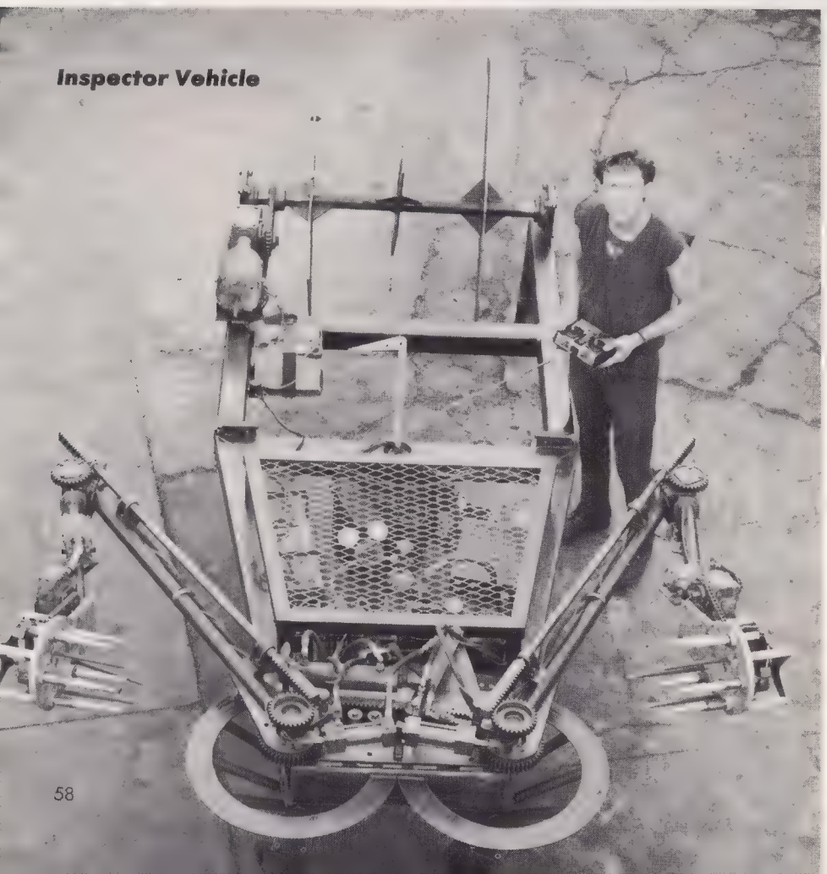
The square wheel car: Four wheels, which are 4' square, power this four-wheel-drive unmanned car. Almost medieval in character, the bulky, square wheels are connected to a minimal interpretation of an automobile. Except for the wheels, which are fabricated from thick steel pipe, this vehicle is extremely compact and light. There is no frame supporting the engine on the car–the engine itself is actually the frame. The engine is a stressed member. An Olds 425 is sandwiched between two plates of 1/4" steel, which in turn hold the swing arms that go out to the wheels on both sides of the engine. It works off of a modified automatic transmission with about 40' of 100-series chain to gear it down. In motion, this car kind of hops. It's something that you don't want to get in front of as it shakes the ground. It has no steering, and it travels between 20-30 m.p.h. It's crude, but it's got a lot of energy. *(Designed by Eric Werner.)*

The ramrod car: This car is a spin-off of a mid-'50s or early '60s home-built dragster. The elimination of having two front wheels outboard of the body gives it the illusion of obtaining even higher speed, being less buggy-like. The single front wheel is covered by 3" tubing. Like the square wheel car, everything in the ramrod car is made as reductive as possible. The engine is as low to the ground as possible, and as close to the rear axle as possible. The driver's compartment, like all other features, is fashioned as tightly as it can be. In position, the driver lays over the back axle. Serving a non-utilitarian function is a long steel arm terminating in an open cluster of spikes. This punitive arm can swing away from the body of the vehicle by 40%, delivering a vicious slap. The nose of the vehicle skids low along the asphalt. The ramrod is designed to run into things. Striking a Pinto at 30 m.p.h. barely disturbs the smoothness of the ride as the Pinto is tossed right over the top of the vehicle. *(Designed by Eric Werner.)*

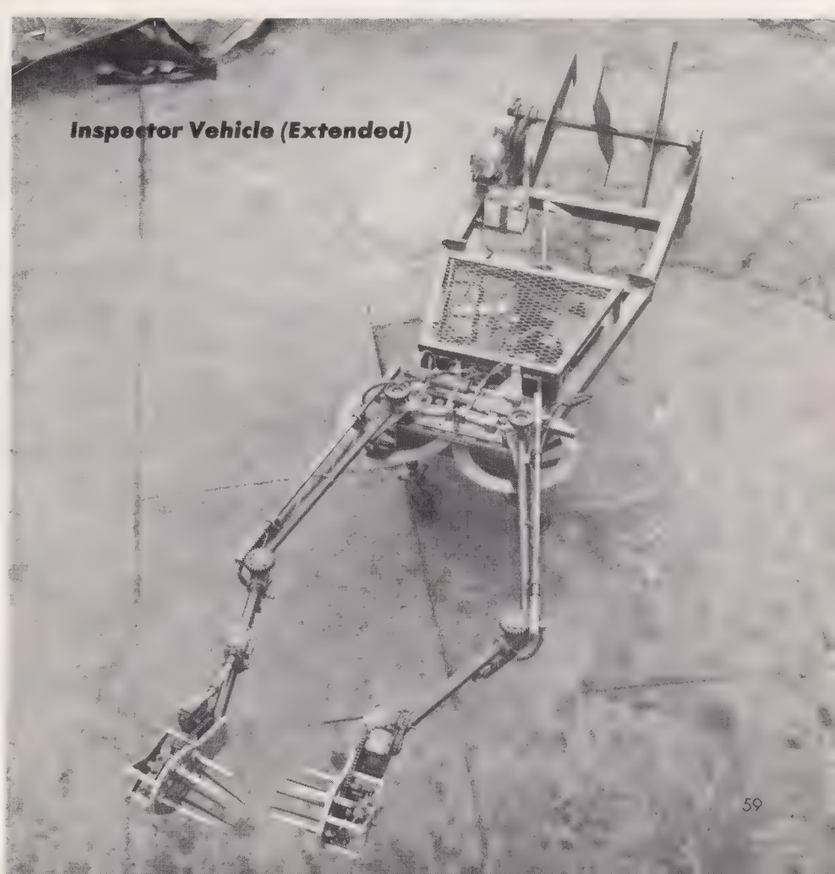


Walking Machine





Inspector Vehicle



Inspector Vehicle (Extended)

THE ROCK VAULT

Greetings, kiddies, and welcome to another installment of the weird and wonderful, the ugly and arcane: the ever-popular Rock Vault. Don't despair if the answers won't come easily–we've been good enough to provide them for you on page 76. Good luck–you'll need it.

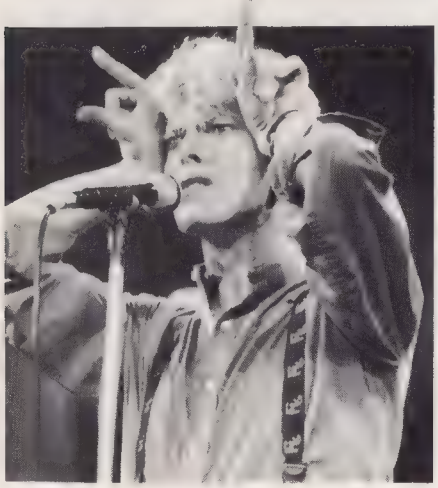


Photo by Ross Marino

1.) Why did David Bowie change his name?
2.) Patti Smith once claimed that she inevitably commited one of two involuntary acts onstage. What were they?
3.) In May of 1972, Les Harvey, guitarist for Stone the Crows, died in a fashion which is thus far unique in the annals of rock 'n' roll. What happened?
4.) In her inauspicious movie debut, *A Certain Sacrifice,* where is Madonna raped?
5.) What brand of candy bar were Mick Jagger and then-girlfriend Marianne Faithfull supposed to have been using as a sex aid when caught in the act backstage?
6.) What famous singer once said, "Rock and roll is phony and false, and it's sung, written and played for the most part by cretinous goons."?
7.) What band has *The Guinness Book of World Records* given the nod to as the loudest rock group in the world?
8.) What is significant about Wild Bill Moore's 1947 recording "We're Gonna Rock, We're Gonna Roll."?

Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

9.) Which of the following is *not* the name of an actual punk/hard-core band: (a) Dead Hippie, (b) the Crucif*cks, (c) Sex Gang Children, (d) Coathanger Abortions, (e) Meatmen or (f) Malaria?

Photo by Jeffrey Mayer

10.) True or false: The footprints of the members of Kiss can be found in the sidewalk outside of Mann's Chinese Theater in Hollywood?
11.) Who is Declan McManus?
12.) What was the first British punk group to perform in America?
13.) How much marijuana was Paul McCartney carrying in his suitcase when he got busted in Japan in 1980?

Photo by Paul Natkin

BUSTER BOP

by Michael Kaplan

It's Friday afternoon at Tramps, a funky little Irish bar in Manhattan's Gramercy Park area. Like many of the bars in the neighborhood, this place attracts a colorful mix of working-class locals and bar-stool philosophers. It's fitting that David Johansen, who falls elegantly between the two, performs there every weekend with his backup band, the Banshees of Blue.

Photo by Bob Gruen

The tricky thing here is that he's not really David Johansen anymore. These days the ex-vocalist of the once-outrageous New York Dolls performs under the monicker of Buster Poindexter, fronting a rhythm-and-blues-based act that draws influences from a diverse field of American music–including everybody from Jimmie Rodgers to Rodgers and Hammerstein.

Pumping out Broadway standards and primping up gritty R&B numbers, the Banshees blast through a set that's energized by their interpretations. Accompanied by a big band–including the Uptown Horns and backup vocalist Susan Kirshner–Johansen plays the consummate trooper, breathing new life into presumably antiquated tunes like *South Pacific's* "There's Nothin' Like a Dame." What makes the rendition special is the rock 'n' roll energy that's fed into it like a well-aimed bolt of sonic lightning. Unlike most rock 'n' rollers who tackle other genres of music–say, Sid Vicious doing "My Way"–Johansen and the band are not trashing the tunes, they're paying homage to them.

It's pre-show time, and the group has just whipped through its sound check, much to the oblivion of the early weekend crowd at the bar. It seems like as good a time as any to firm things up for the interview. Three guys are sitting on chairs near a low stage in the back room. Only one of them faces me as I walk in, and he happens to be the one who looks up when I speak.

"Is David Johansen around?"

"Buster Poindexter is performing here tonight," he says matter-of-factly as the other two ignore me.

"Buster Poindexter," I acquiesce. "Do you know where he is?"

"I'm taking messages for Buster."

"There's a new rock 'n' roll magazine in L. A., and they've assigned me to do a story on him."

"What's the name of the magazine?" asks a guy with his back to me, slowly turning around and turning out to be David Johansen.

He's wearing a garishly trendy pair of tropical-print pants, an oversize shirt and reading glasses. There's a boyish fringe of hair hanging over his forehead, and it will be meticulously pomped-up when Johansen slips into his Poindexter persona. No longer the glitzed-out rebel who fronted the Dolls, he now cuts a more conventionally stylish figure. He's aged well–still skinny as a whippet, with an endearing wise-guy's grin and suitably gravelly voice to go along with it–and sports a show-biz aura that fits him as comfortably as an old, if slightly tattered, suit jacket that's worn more often than it should be.

In the case of David Johansen, however, stardom is not much more than a state of mind. Since his earliest days with the Dolls it had little to do with commerical acclaim or financial success. Norman Mailer once said that anyone who wants to be a blonde is one, and it's an adage that Johansen might retool by substituting "star" for "blonde." Even if he was driving a cab to pay the rent, Johansen would still be a star on some level–cracking jokes with the customers and cutting up with the boys in the garage. He needs the attention and would be unlikely to allow a lack of fortune to stand in its way.

A couple days after our first meeting, while eating a bowl of seafood gumbo and sipping a glass of Amstel beer at an East Village restaurant, he says, "I'm basically an entertainer. What I'm doing now is sort of a grown-up version of the Dolls. It has the same *joie de vivre*. It's an up show, it doesn't have any message."

If anything has evolved as Johansen's hallmark, it's an unbridled determination to have fun. Whether camped-up with platform shoes and a boa or decked out in a tuxedo and top hat, he exudes a joyfully reckless charisma, a longed-for quality that's shared by natural showmen from Las Vegas to Leningrad. "My personality was formed at an early age and hasn't changed all that much," he says with a laugh. "I guess you could call it arrested adolescence."

Going from a guttery street tough in drag to a suave lounge singer has not been as difficult as it may appear. With a new name, wardrobe and repertoire, Johansen is showing a different side of himself, one that might previously have been brought out of the closet only for sophisticated cocktail parties or tony soirees. "A lot of people say that Buster Poindexter is more like David Johnansen than David Johansen is," he declares, adding that there's a certain amount of freedom that comes with portraying a character onstage. "Being Buster allows me to do and say things that I might otherwise shy away from."

Considering the ease of the transition, it's not surprising that it came about naturally and not through financial motivation. Following the breakup of the Dolls, Johansen embarked on a solo career and released several albums of Dolls-esque material. Working with a strong backup band, he built up quite a following and landed warmup gigs on several major tours.

It was when the David Johansen Group was opening for a series of Pat Benatar dates that Johansen began dabbling with styles of music that were different from what he was known for. "Neil Geraldo (Benatar's husband and guitar player) and me would come back to the Holiday Inn and sit in with the hotel's bar band, playing Bessie Smith songs and stuff," he remembers. While Johansen does not say that those late-night jam sessions were more fun than his paying gigs, musical seeds were definitely planted in tacky lounges across the country.

They began to blossom back in New York, where he was between gigs and recording sessions. "It started off as a hobby," Johansen says, explaining that the Poindexter handle, a childhood nickname, was initially used to keep fans from expecting to hear standards like "Frenchette" and "Funky But Chic." "I was hang-

Buster Poindexter and band.

Photo by Bob Gruen

ing out at Tramps and decided to do a special show there on Monday nights." The act was never intended to be a full-time job, but after attracting turn-away crowds, the band was promoted to a weekend slot, and it eventually became Johansen's top priority.

Along with his popularity, the three-piece group he debuted with 2½ years ago has been steadily growing. While Johansen fantasizes about someday performing with a full orchestra, adding horns and a backup singer became immediately necessary when the range of songs expanded. "It's a very eclectic kind of music that we play," he says. "We started off doing strictly rhythm and blues numbers, but we have since added a lot of Latin and show tunes."

An inveterate collector of esoteric, ethnic and obscure albums, Johansen had to do nothing more than rifle through his record collection in order to pick out a set's worth of interesting and largely unheard offerings. "These are songs that I like very much," he says, admitting that some of the group's material now comes from other sources. "A lot of people have been bringing things to my attention lately. It's become sort of a community effort."

It's an effort that clearly leaves the music scavenger in Buster delighted. "Sometimes you think you know everything, that you've heard all the songs and that there's nothing left," he continues. "Then you come across a gold mine of stuff that you never even knew existed. I recently got into this group from New Orleans called the Showmen, and they've got at least 20 great songs that I'd like to do."

With Buster Poindexter and the Banshees of Blue beginning to take off, playing more traditional rock 'n' roll songs is the farthest thing from Johansen's mind. Conveniently, he's at a point in his life where this sort of music makes a lot more sense; it's allowed him to grow up with a grace that relative oldsters like Ozzy Osbourne and Ted Nugent might be envious of. "At my age this is better," Johansen sighs. "What would people think if I came out dressed up like Judas Priest?"

Though he tries to make a joke of it, Johansen's musical detour is nothing to laugh at. While the other members of the Dolls have become mired in drugs, floundered in solo careers or disappeared from the music scene altogether, the vocalist has broadened his audience and gone way beyond the cultish appeal that he had originally sought. A list of his recent accomplishments reads like an up-and-comer's resume: a guest appearance on *Miami Vice*, a fashion shoot for *GQ* and a virtual sweep of the recently initiated New York Music Awards. In addition, Johansen says that there's been a good deal of interest from major record labels, and some talk about a series of movies. As if to validate his promise, tables at a recent show were reserved for representatives from the William Morris Agency and several record companies.

As widely appealing as the music is, Johansen says that mass acclaim was never a consideration. "I certainly hadn't planned on being accessible," he explains. "We do a lot of obsure music, but audiences tend to be more sophisticated. There are plenty of people who don't want to go to a gig and bang heads."

Photo by Bob Gruen

David Johansen with Yoko Ono

Though the Motley Crue crew is conspicuously missing from most Poindexter shows, the band does attract a wide mix of people. As a result, Buster and the band have found themselves playing everywhere–from well-to-do kids' bar mitzvahs–"I felt like Sonny Fox at that one," Johansen cracks–to black-tie benefits. Though the money's good, performing for select audiences does have its pitfalls. "Sometimes we play at these hoity-toity places for old rich people, and we have to make some adjustments in the set," Johansen says with a smile and a shrug. "We played one joint where we were singing a song called 'Married Women Stay Married,' and there's a line in there that goes, 'There are too many men in the graveyard for picking apples from another man's tree.' The owner came over and said, 'No graveyards! Don't sing any songs about graveyards.' Like I said, sometimes you have to make adjustments."

A crowded barroom is one place where Buster Poindexter and The Banshees of Blue make no adjustments, or apologies, for what they do. Onstage, Johansen is resplendent in a neat black tuxedo. Walking and performing with an air of supreme confidence, he recalls gentlemen singers from a previous era, and the music bears him out with an updated authenticity that seems timeless in a spooky kind of way.

Fairly well-oiled on pre-show booze, the crowd cheers the band through brassy stompers. For a slow blues number about the downfall of an alcoholic, Johansen leans against the piano, holds up a martini glass and wails in a drunken melody, "Somebody get me a drink." For a moment–bathed in blue light, with a cigarette dangling from his lips–he is a New Orleans singing star, a fellow who's mastered every type of music and dishes it out like the spiciest corn chowder.

Indeed, at his best, David Johansen *is* Buster Poindexter, and Poindexter is the bona-fide star that Johansen's always longed to be.

GLOBE
10TH AUSTRALIA NEW ZEALAND SHOWBIZ REVIEW
VARIETY
EURO TV SHARING GETS TRENDY
Photo by Bob Gruen
Photo by Paul Natkin

(Continued from page 32)
nik Bandit–were built expressly for shows. They're pleasing to look at, and they prove one thing: They give you an idea of what can be done by one guy that sets his mind to it. Hey, kids! You can really do it too if you want, and it doesn't cost much at all–if you want to do the work. Detroit will only continue to crank out trash. . . .

RIP: Why don't the car manufacturers in Detroit reissue those classic car designs, like an old T-bird or something?

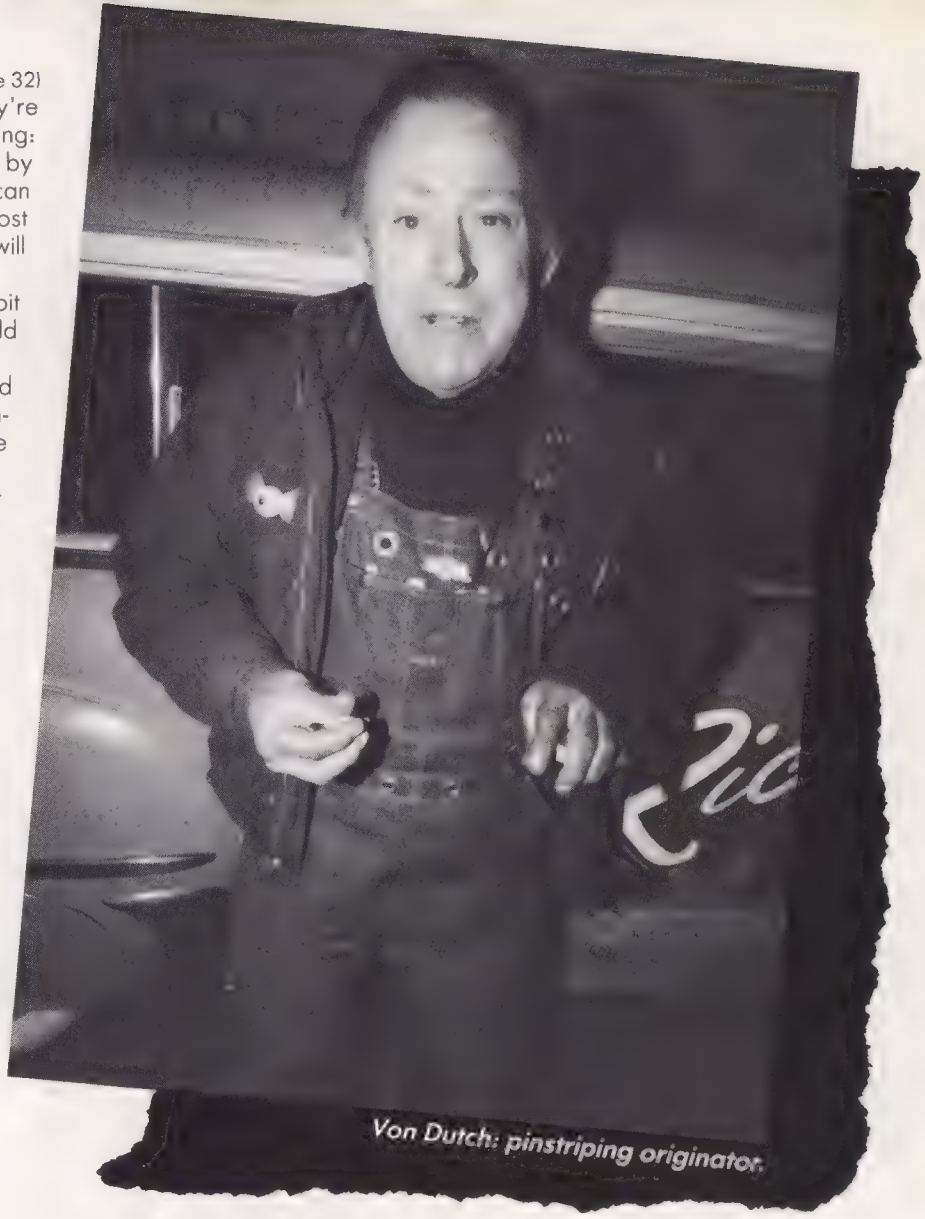
BIG DADDY: Like a '55 Chevy? They should add a few fiberglass parts, a little turbo-injected engine. Why don't they? They'd sell. I don't have an answer to that one. . . .

RIP: Do you have any advice for young hot rodders?

BIG DADDY: First of all, you must have a relationship with your parents to get what you want. You have to give a little, and they will in turn give back. Then you need to find out what they want. My dad, for example, wanted good grades. "You get a B average and you can have a car," he said. So I made an effort to please him. In a lot of other families, it's different. You get off drugs, you stay out of jail; then you can have a car.

RIP: Do you have any philosophical message to tell the kids?

BIG DADDY: My philosophy as a kid was to do lots of work for cheaper. I'd cut lots of lawns for 25¢ while other guys were cutting only a few for 50¢. Also, if I wanted to learn about something–like engines–I'd go hang out with the guys that were racing. I'd go over and sweep their garage. I'd help them do anything they wanted. They could even call me names, make fun of me, anything, just as long as I could hang out there. You can't say, "Hey, man. Can I sweep your floor for a quarter?" You got to say, "Hey, mister, let me sweep your floor, and, uh . . . tell me what that bolt is for." You got to start out diggin' ditches and work your way up. And they're not going to teach you that at school.



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(Continued from page 36)

mous, bearded bad boys from Houston, Texas, were by no stretch of the imagination the very first to incorporate cars on album covers. About a decade ago Mahogany Rush's Frank Marino used his National Hot Rod Association Dodge Omni pro-stocker on the cover of an LP–the same car he successfully raced on the circuit for several years.

And by now, most of us are used to seeing guitar legend Jeff Beck sitting behind the wheel of one of his many 1932 Ford street rods. "It's just something that strikes you about an old car," he says. "Whether it's a stocker or it's been rodded out or whatever. It catches your eye so much because there aren't any others around.

"Back in 1965, when I made my first trip to the States with the Yardbirds, I waited until we got to California," continues Beck about his hot-rod obsession. "There was no smog control as such, and every Saturday night there would be T-buckets and 1923 Model-Ts, going all chromed-out. It was exactly what I remembered from the early '50s movies.

"And then I got curious about what they did to make 'em so outrageous. A Model-T didn't look like that normally. These were outrageous, with flames and chrome and Jag rearends."

Other rock performers are more secretive about their hot-rod treasures. Neil Young, for example, is very clandestine about his collection of rare Woodys. Also, the Beach Boys' Al Jardine is currently having a high-tech, street-rod Woody being built by famed street-rod builder Boyd Coddington. David Lee Roth can be seen cruising around L.A. in his '51 Mercury low rider, and Brian Setzer's favorite cars are a custom '50 Mercury and a '56 Chevrolet Bel Air. And don't forget that Aerosmith's Joe Perry favors your basic souped-to-the-max Corvette, and Edward Van Halen likes Lamborghinis the next time you're out shopping for Christmas presents.

Just as there's a variety of cars, there's a tremendous variety of rock 'n' roll car stories to go along with them. Ted Nugent, for example, likes to talk about the time he was cruising down the Autobahn in Germany at mega-miles-per-hour, when the engine in the land cruiser he was driving blew out. The whole forward transmission system was gone, but it would still go in reverse. So Ted made it to his destination of Munich while driving backward!

The scar that traverses Jeff Beck's nose is from a car accident he had while driving a 1923 Ford T-bucket. "It was a nasty one," Beck recalls. "Concussion, broken nose. The front tire blew completely out. With a transverse front sprint, I didn't stand an Earthly. And with crossply tires, it was like I was on ice. I just went straight across the road and hit this other guy who was going to work. He broke his nose. I was out of it for six months."

Photo by Ross Marino

Former Toto lead singer Bobby Kimball secretly garages a wild, candy blue, M&L Automotive-built, 427 Cobra replica. Says Kimball, "The first time I climbed behind the wheel of the thing, I jumped on the gas just like I always do when I'm driving my Mazda RX-7. The damn thing immediately went up in smoke and did three 360s! You've got to have a lot of respect for exotic cars like these, but they're about as much fun as you can have with your clothes on!"

Singer John Prine actually drew his inspired "Pink Cadillac" lyrics from earlier cruising days at the now-defunct "Skips Fiesta" Drive-In located in Northlake, Illinois. Former Beatle Goerge Harrison dedicated the song "Faster" from his 1979 self-titled LP to "the entire Formula One circus," and Paul McCartney's "Helen Wheels" traces experiences with offroading a Land Rover. Joan Jett has been known to make an appearance at Englishtown, New Jersey's, Raceway Park when the jet dragsters are running. And last year, the group Loverboy acted as the official Grand Marshalls at the NHRA/Winston World Finals at Pomona Raceway. There, vocalist Mike Reno and guitarist Paul Dean sponsored the Super Comp, Chevrolet-powered, "Loverboy" dragster driven by John Evans.

Also on the drag-racing side, current IHRA AA/Fuel Funny Car World Champion Dale Pulde and Ratt singer Stephen Pearcy have entered into a "Team Ratt" sponsorship to be carried into battle in '87 on the side of Dale's Buick, "Warrior," an AA/FC.

Former Styx guitarist James Young and the only female Top Fuel World Champion, Shirley Muldowney, have had an ongoing professional association for several years. Muldowney's pink, 250 m.p.h. top fueler carried a mural of Styx's 1980 LP "Paradise Theater" on the cowl.

Bob Merlis, vice president and director of publicity for Warner Brothers Records, and a voting member of the Rock 'N' Roll Hall of Fame, best sums it all up, saying, "The automobile has been in the 'Big Three' in terms of youth culture appeal. Throughout the history of rock music, cars (and girls) have been a big part of what the music is all about!"

The point to all of the preceeding? Just this: Hot rods and rock music are one and the same. They're both a form of teenage rebellion–a way of affirming one's individuality in the face of parental and societal pressures to conform. They're both a lot of fun. Nothing beats the feeling of tooling down the road with the radio blaring, your best girl by your side. Rods and rock have grown up together, and both are going to be around for a long time to come.

EAR CANDY

Edited by Stella

Seeking free publicity or scathing criticism? All record companies, musicians and jus' plain recording fools can send their hot-wax tracks to Ear Candy, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll be glad you did. . . .

FISHBONE: *In Your Face* (Columbia)
Let the careless, debilitated children who now hold rank in the top 200 whimper in shame. Fishbone has produced their first LP, and aside from being mass-media palatable, studio clean, lyrically omnipotent and hard-rocking Fishgroove, it's got a pungent timelessness all around it. So up in the beat and tight in the brains is *In Your Face*, that it's clear that not only is this the Fishbone record boneheads have been longing for, but the single piece of vinyl all of us cursed by the mid-80's radio claptrap have been waiting for.

What sets *In Your Face* apart is the amount of keen songwriting on the album. So much of today's dance gridlock music is simply *produced*–chords, rhythms, even performers are interchangeable. Not the case with Fish's *Face*. One cannot imagine songs such as "Cholly" (which reveals the joys of an overweight prostitute) or "Give It Up" (on the ravages of war) presented in any other dynamic way. The indescribable Fishbone force-music balances the crisp, unruly vocals, and vice-versa. The lyrics are some of the only intelligent pop-tune phrases around that are devoid of subtle mind-caca word games.

Secondly, *In Your Face* maintains its snap and crackle with just enough pure pop to swim past the overwhelming tide of radio seaweed. This record can and will make as much sense to a postman in Cucamonga as to a skaterboarder in the city. It isn't an underground disc, and it isn't avant-anything. It leans on neither raunch nor ridiculousness to sound like Fishbone funking out of control. Rock business may not be a whole new ball game, but Fishbone certainly stuffed the old rules in the trash. Let the musically faithless feel the Fish. *–Shredder*

LOVE TRACTOR: *This Ain't No Outer Spaceship* (Big Time Records)
To lump this effort–Love T.'s fourth outing–in with the current wave of Southern white-boy, collegiate, folk rock, or "weenie rock," to borrow a phrase, is an amusing, if cruel and unjust, dismissal of poor old Love Tractor.

But "weenie rock," a term coined to describe this band and other dream-state combos loosely comprising this not-quite-so-new Southern pastoralism thing.

LOVE TRACTOR

But let's get real here. Here's somebody's album. At least four people's weenies . . . er . . . lives. Guitarists Mark Cline and Michael Richmond are developing a more song-oriented direction than on some previous instrumental discs, particularly their well-received 1982 all-instrumental debut, *Love Tractor*, on DB records.

But there's two instrumentals here: "Rudolph Nureyev" and "We All Love Each Other So Much." These two pieces are highlighted by interplay between acoustic and electric-guitar effects that are dreamily languid and neat (a term that usually makes me squirm)–a pleasantly "textural" (another squirm word) mood of inoffensiveness that actually comes close to defining the temper of this album.

There's two decent groove songs. "Outside With Ma" and a surprising Gap Band cover of "Party Train." Usually those smirking, geeky, collegiate-funny, ha-ha-hilarious renditions are dreadful, but, thank God, ol' Love T. chose not to screw with the song or the genre. Instead they make it their own, and in the process surprisingly illuminate the Gap mega-funk groove as an actual song with actual changes and melody.

Then there's the new songs, mostly uneventful . . . er . . . white-boy, collegiate, folk rock with plodding tempos and painfully unimaginative drum sounds. Not for crazed rock 'n' rollers who like their gui-

tars loud, or even for less-crazed fans of more aggresive rock; but previously inducted devotees will enjoy it, I'm sure. The best idea would be to cassette the two instrumentals and the two "grooves" onto a 45-minute tape with various other Tractor odds and ends (the best of Love T?), and ditch the album as soon as possible. *–Sickboy*

YNGWIE MALMSTEEN: *Trilogy*
(Polygram)
I was just thinking that if I could *type* as fast as these guys can play, I could crank this stuff out at a rate where I could actually turn a profit! But never mind that, let's talk Malmsteen. If you've had problems with his previous LPs, this might be the one to resolve the difficulty. And if you loved his other stuff, you're bound to go apeshit for this new slab. That is, unless you feel that with this, Yngwie's third LP for Polygram, the young Swede has sold out. "Mersh Malmsteen"? Well, yes and no, but given his proclivity to overdo his ideas, this isn't necessarily a bad thing.

First off, and immediately noticeable, this record sounds a zillion times better than the records that preceded it. Engineer Ricky Delana, who performed similar chores for guitar-hero grandaddy Jeff Beck, obviously aids in this department. Secondly, Malmsteen has written some songs that even your kid sister (though probably not your mom) could comprehend, while retaining some of the progressive workouts that the diehards expect. Thirdly, and the most noticeable to

YNGWIE MALMSTEEN

those listeners who don't just listen to music to hear guitar wankerizations, the vocals of new singer Mark Boals, though more-than-vaguely similar to one R. J. Dio, are far superior to those of departed screamer Jeff Scott Soto.

The side openers, "You Don't Remember, I'll Never Forget" and "Fire," are the most obvious choices for radio burnout, and putting them right at the beginning of the sides, though rather Motownian, is still a good idea. "Liar" is the best flat-out metal rocker, and "Magic Mirror" features the solo that will send the up-and-comers to their bedrooms to endlessly try and duplicate the amazing Mr. M's newest licks on their Oriental guitars.

VINNIE VINCENT INVASION

Photo by Moshe Brakha

Of special interest are the LP's two instrumental tracks–the acoustic "Crying," which is beautiful, and stays at a subdued level for its duration (a rarity in contemporary metal), and the furious "Trilogy," which brings the excesses of ELP and Mahavishnu into the '80s. *–Ray Kuzma*

VINNIE VINCENT INVASION: *Vinnie Vincent Invasion:* (Chrysalis)
Former KISS ankhman/lead guitarist Vincent Cusano has kept his KISS given name and assembled a new band, the Vinnie Vincent Invasion. The group's self-titled debut album hails back to KISS's *Lick it Up,* via Vincent's very identifiable guitar playing. The opening track, "Boyz Are Gonna Rock," sets the pace for the album: loud, fast guitar–very fast guitar. Sometimes *Vinnie Vincent Invasion* sounds like an album of guitar solos with an occasional song, rather than vice-versa. Indeed, it's a full minute before we're subject to lead singer Robert Fleischman, who sounds a bit like Krokus's Marc Storace or Kevin DuBrow. Exceptions to this can be found on the songs "No Substitute," "Back on the Streets" and the album's closing tune, "Invasion," in which Fleischman leans toward the Steve Perry, Graham Bonnett or Dave Bickler vein.

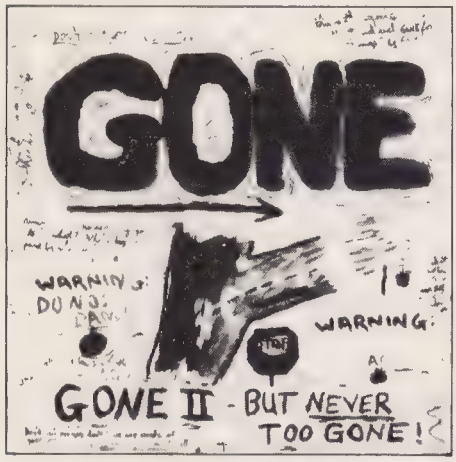
Vincent's promise/threat of the invasion as "pornographic rock" comes to life in tracks such as "Shoot U Full of Love," "I Wanna Be Your Victim" and "Baby-O." A sampling from the latter: "Baby, oh, baby, baby, wanna fool with you." Jeez–come on! The remaining numbers–"Twisted," "Do You Wanna Make Love?" and "Animal"–musically all sound quite like KISS. Drummer Bobby Rock is no Eric Carr; but when given the chance to strut his stuff, he excels. Bassist Dana Strum is lost, like so many other bass players, in another abysmal 80's metal mix.

In short, Vinnie Vincent's self-proclaimed, self-centered effort is a must for air guitarists everywhere, but left this devout KISS fan feeling a little unbalanced–a bit partial to the Vincent/KISS collaboration of days gone by.
–Robert Heckert

GONE: *Gone II But Never Too Gone*
(SST Records)
Yes, it's Gone's second album, and, yes, it totally rocks. No, it's not for everybody. See, just in case you're unfamiliar with Gone, they're Greg Ginn's (resident guitar hero of Black Flag) newest project, and they play instrumental music. That means no one shrieking about the injustices of the world. Instead, we get powerhouse opuses, blasted with the authority of a seasoned fusion band and the gusto and fury of a Detroit rock band.

This is most assuredly not what Black Flag sounds like minus Henry Rollins. Gone's agile rhythm section of bassist Andrew Weiss and drummer Simeon Cain keep the tempo and time pretty free-flowing. The fusion from which Gone springs has nothing to do with the thinking-man's disco that gets passed off as jazz-rock fusion these days. Instead, it is a descendant of early 70's King Crimson and early Mahavishnu Orchestra. Cain can handle most any funk or jazz groove, and throw in plenty of kitchen sink along

the way. When Weiss gets going on the fast walking bass, it sounds like water running, and he can *boink*, pop and slap so fast it sounds like bowling balls tumbling



down a steep stairwell. Also, there are enough abrupt time and tempo changes to keep college music students and Stravinsky groupies happily counting along for hours. An apt title might have been *Lark's Tongue and Ice Pick*. I apologize for making such an obscure pun.

As ya might guess, this is the sort of LP musicians might sit around and nod their heads to, or hard-core rockers might bounce off the walls to, and a lot of jes' plain folks won't be able to fit into their schedules. But if you got some time on your hands, ya oughta check it out, dude.

–S. L. Duff

IRON MAIDEN: *Somewhere In Time* (Capitol)

Ya gotta love that Iron Maiden. I guess you don't *have* to, but love 'em or hate 'em, ya hafta admit they obviously take great pride in the working-man's craft of making heavy-metal music. Another self-evident truth: Iron Maiden makes what are probably the best *sounding* heavy-metal records, thanks in large part to longtime producer Martin Birch, who has had a hand in some of the all-time greatest hard rock.

So we know we have another well-recorded and dutifully performed Iron Maiden album. What we need to know is, how do the songs hold up? *Somewhere in Time* vacillates between truly inspired moments and precision noodling. There are three songs that can be classified as genuine Iron Maiden gems, and the rest fall between worthy-of-headbanging and attention-drift alert.

The opening track, "Caught Somewhere in Time," should keep the malcontents on their seats with fists held high and heads a-bobbin'. It features, as do a goodly number of the LP's eight songs, their patented galloping-horse rhythm. "Wasted Years" takes us through three bits: snappy guitar intro leading into a by-the-numbers metal workout, climaxing with a pop-song chorus. (Was it good for you too?) This could be the LP's real winner. "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" is a high-speed race between sprinting dual guitars and haul-ass drums. These songs are the three gems that you seek. The remainder of the album is fine and dandy too, but riffs tend to be too repetitive, and the vocals tend to follow the guitars too closely. Ya might wanna make a sandwich about midway through side two.

Somewhere in Time is a good record. It's not a good as *The Number of the Beast*, it's better than *Powerslave*, not quite the triumph *Piece of Mind* was, but vastly superior to the unending buzz-buzz of their double-live LP. Well, metaloids, that should about sum it up.

–S. L. Duff

IRON MAIDEN

LOVE AND ROCKETS: *Express* (Big Time Records)

Like, wow, Tony the Tiger couldn't roar gr-r-r-reat long or loudly enough to describe Love and Rockets' second album, *Express*. There aren't enough happy-face skull symbols in existence to rate this entertaining slab of vinyl.

Photo by Paul Rider

Side one opens with the intriguing and exotically flavored "It Could Be Sunshine." The infectious choruses of that song and the cheery "All in My Mind" make for the kind of songs that end up running over and over again in one's mind. The additional presence of the previously released import hits "Ball of Confusion" and the pulsating "Kundalini Express" guarantees the likelihood of extra wear and tear of side one.

"Yin and Yang the Flowerpot Man" on side two darn well kicks its way into a hoedown, and the acoustic version of "All in Your Mind" is just that–a bit softer than the other rendition. True to its name, "American Dream" relaxes, while "Love Me" mesmerizes in a haunting manner.

The songs on *Express* are stronger and more memorable than Love and Rockets' last album, *Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven*, which wasn't so shabby either. How do David J, Daniel Ash and Kevin Haskins continue to do it? It makes one marvel at their progression, considering all those other classic records they made as Bauhaus and Tones on Tail. *–Stella*

THE SCRIPTURES

Edited by Craig Strete

Publishers, don't let your new concert-tour guides, celebrity biographies, trashy novels or sleazy comic books wither and die on the stands because of a lack of publicity–send 'em in to the book reviewers at RIP Magazine! We'll give 'em the ultimate in gonzo criticism. Don't delay–mail your books to Rip Book Reviews, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054 today!

Arena: The Book . . . Duran Duran
Tritec Publications, 1985, Photo Album, $9.95

Based on the visuals of *Barbarella*, this book about the wild boys' video seems to tell the vomitous story of some lonely lads from down under who wanted to grow up and be Jane Fonda in her leather phase. The wild boys come equipped with whips, chains and women dressed like thrillseekers who got too close to Chernobyl.

Quoting the book, a good many dramatic situations start with people screaming–or was that puking? Maybe that's the idea behind the video. Certainly there's no idea behind the book. Actually, the meaning of it all seems pretty clear. Hey, let's spend a couple million bucks and make a rock video. Then make a book about making the video. Then sell the book for ten bucks–somebody must be dumb enough to buy it! You won't go blind from watching the video, but you'll go senseless trying to read the book.

What are the wild boys so wild about anyway? High heels, I think. Maybe bitchin' panty hose and that whole leather thing, and–oh, like–just give us a brutal, rad whipping! *–Dr. Procter Roctor*

Elvis For Beginners
Jill Pearlman, Illustrations by Wayne White, Unwin Paperbacks, 1986, 159 pages, Trade Paperback, $6.95.

Without Elvis Presley, popular music wouldn't have been rock 'n' roll–it would have been Annette Funicello and her silly Mickey Mouse ears. And if you journey back to the secret bastard birth of the original wild sound, Graceland has to be one of your first stops.

In clever words and telling pictures, this book details the King's late-night check-in at the Heartbreak Hotel, and the revolution he started. It also traces the backseat birth of rock music and puts Elvis there when the first zipper was undone. Even a bastard like rock 'n' roll had to have a mother, and this book rightly picks her out from the police lineup. She was black, played guitar low-down and had the nowhere-to-run blues.

But being black, she couldn't ride the kiss-my-ass-I'm-white music bus, until Elvis climbed aboard and became the first white man with soul, a gospel shouter lunched out on the new religions of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. What happened next kicked America's ass forever. After Elvis, American music was black and proud, white and loud, raw, instinctive and primal.

The book isn't the usual flash-trash, teen-scene puke-over. It's insightful, full of little seeds of who-did-it-to-who truth that grows into big patches of what-happened-to-them-then reality.

If you've never tried to book a room in the Heartbreak Hotel with the kind of girl your parents warned you against, then you might find that this handsome and profusely illustrated docu-rock comic book is just the key to get you in.

–D. P. R.

Thrash Flash: Making Demos At Home!

Soon Simon & Schuster will make home recording a cinch–with the release of a book tentatively titled *The Musician's Home Guide to Demo Taping*. Authored by record producer Peter Mclan and songwriter/musician Larry Wichman, *The Musician's Home Guide* is a handbook designed for those who want an accessible guide to producing studio-quality demos in the home. It includes chapters devoted to recording each instrument, mix-downs, and EQ information for recording instruments.

Additionally, the book will come with a hook–a flexible vinyl disc containing audio illustrations of techniques presented in the text. Shortly after the book's release, a separately marketed audiocassette will become available for those wishing an expanded version of the disc.

There's little doubt that the Guide will be a boon to members of garage bands, as well as to those already playing club venues. Wichman told RIP that the book focuses on the plethora of equipment now available on the market, from portastudios to 8- and 16-track set-ups.

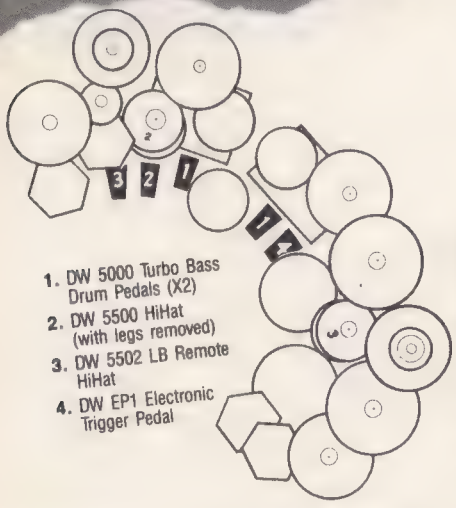
"There's nothing like it out there," says Mclan. "All the books are either too technical or too general to be of much use. We thought that a book which taught musicians how to use gear rather than one that explained how it all works would be much more help."

Adds Wichman, who is considered an authority on home-taping techniques, "It seemed easier to produce a book about the subject than receiving calls for taping information from me at all hours while Peter was in the studio. It took us a year to put the book together, but I can honestly say that the finished product gives musicians like myself the tools and techniques necessary to use all their gear efficiently."

–Jerry Kindela

Tommy Lee & the DW TURBO

CONFIRMING A REPUTATION



1. DW 5000 Turbo Bass Drum Pedals (X2)
2. DW 5500 HiHat (with legs removed)
3. DW 5502 LB Remote HiHat
4. DW EP1 Electronic Trigger Pedal

Tommy Lee's Pedal Plan

Tommy Lee's reputation as rock 'n roll's rudest drummer is based on the rebellious musical attitude that's been forged in garages and rehearsal halls all over America. It's an attitude that can't be tamed or toned down. Yet, as the rowdy rhythmic force behind Motley Crue, Tommy's originality brings a new level of spirit, intensity, showmanship and downright nastiness to the infamy of Heavy Metal drumming.

The pedals Tommy puts to the Metal? DW 5000 Turbos, of course. That's because Drum Workshop's 5000 Turbo bass drum pedals have a reputation, too. The Turbo features DW's original Chain & Sprocket lightning-fast, super-smooth action along with an exclusive one-piece pedal plate for rock solid strength. These pedals can take a beating night after night and never wimp out.

So, start building your own reputation. Jam down to your local DW dealer and check out the DW 5000 Turbo. It's the only bass drum pedal designed and built in the U.S.A. to handle the brutal pounding hard rocking metal workers like Tommy Lee hammer out.

Tommy knows it's the combination of the Chain **and** Sprocket on DW's single and double bass drum pedals that makes the difference. Drum Workshop's patented design puts the bite of a multi-tooth sprocket into their chain drive pedals – allowing constant, positive contact with the chain on both the down-stroke and rebound and resulting in increased speed, response and control.

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To receive the new DW "PEDAL PLAN" catalog send $1 for postage and handling along with your name, address and zip.

FREEZE FRAME

Edited by Iain Blair

Everybody here at RIP loves to watch videos while we crank out the tunes. Help feed our celluloid habits by sending us your band videos, horror-movie tapes, or whatever, at Freeze Frame, *2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.*

LIZZY BORDEN: *The Murderess Metal Road Show* Enigma Music Video

If a lot of recent heavy-metal product has left you yawning, you should check out this wonderfully titled long-form effort by these masters of shock-rock. Lizzy Borden take no prisoners as they blast out a 15-song barrage of heavy metal at its best–tons of hard, screeching guitar riffs battling for sonic supremacy with switchblade-raw vocals and pounding rhythm.

This group embodies all that's truly loved by contemporary headbangers. "The Murderess Metal Road Show" spotlights their provocative live show, which is centered around the antics of lead singer and bandleader Lizzy Borden, and the relentless twin-guitar attack of Gene Allen and Alex Nelson. Borden is a high-energy and very theatrical performer, and is quick to utilize an array of props, ranging from (surprise!) axes to baseball bats, which he lovingly wields on a host of special stage guests, including a rock 'n' roll princess and Santa Claus.

The band was filmed live in action at L. A.'s famed Country Club in a show that was appropriately staged on Friday the 13th last year, and showcases some of the group's best material. Backed by the twin guitars and the powerful rhythm section of drummer Joey Harges and bassist Michael Davis, Borden slashes his way through such classic cuts as "Flesheater" (a touch of cannibalism here), "Warfare," "Red Rum" (apparently inspired by the film *The Shining* – observant fans will notice it's *murder* spelled backwards), "Psychopath" (more whacks with the axe), and "Godiva"–a nice little tale about mayhem at its most entertaining.

–Iain Blair

CARL PERKINS & FRIENDS: *Blue Suede Shoes* MCA Home Video

Carl Perkins was one of the founding fathers of rock 'n' roll and practically invented the rockabilly sound. Everybody from Elvis and the Beatles to the revival/punk bands of the '80s owes Perkins a big musical debt and, like Chuck Berry, the man has long been recognized as one of the most influential forces in rock.

But while Chuck Berry is still avidly touring and performing, Perkins, who's always been a bit of an unsung hero, had semi-retired to the good life back in his home state of Tennessee after touring with Johnny Cash during the early '70s. Happily, however, he was encouraged to step back into the spotlight for this special jam session–complete with a little help from some very famous friends.

Simply entitled "Blue Suede Shoes" after his first big hit (and a song that also helped make Elvis a star), this hour-long concert video is a highly entertaining and timely look at Carl Perkins and his musical legacy. Looking dapper and fit, the guitarist is joined in the all-star event by such heavyweights as Eric Clapton, Dave Edmunds, Roseanne Cash, Earl Slick, Slim Jim Phantom and Lee Rocker (formerly of the Stray Cats), former Beatles George Harrison (making his first concert appearance in 15 years) and Ringo Starr.

Sound and production values are excellent, and the direction is suitably straightforward and unobtrusive–it just lets the music do the talking. High spots include inspired versions of "Boppin' the Blues," "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," "That's Alright, Mama " and, of course, "Blue Suede Shoes." *–Iain Blair*

BUTTHOLE SURFERS: *Blind Eye Sees All* Touch and Go Video

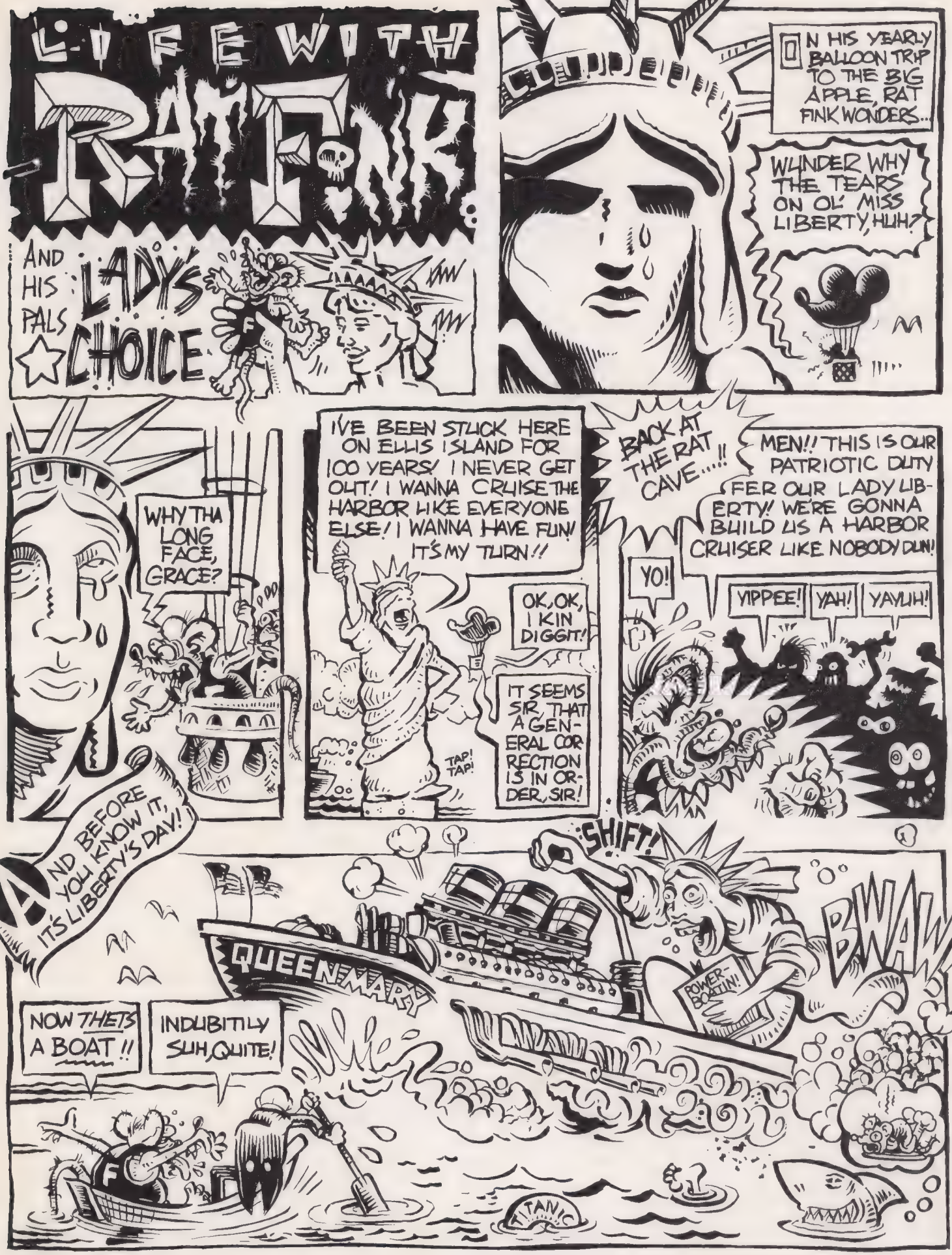
Parents, lock up the VCR! The Butthole Surfers are now on videotape! Kids, fool your parents! Add the letters "o" and "n" to the middle of the group's controversial name, so the folks'll think that "Blind Eye Sees All" is about some homespun band called the *Buttonhole Surfers.*

Being white, dumb, ugly and poor, as well as the pride of San Antonio, Texas, the Butthole Surfers pack in more laughs than the Beverly Hillbillies. Singer Gibby easily qualifies as Ellie Mae, Jethro and Granny all rolled into one. The rest of the band can fight over who gets to be Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale, Miss Hathaway and Jed Clampett.

Thanks to the miracle of modern technology, the Butthole Surfers can invade living rooms anytime, anywhere, at the press of a button. Instead of opening credits, there's a greeting from a shivering, snow-strolling Gibby clad only in a strategically placed placard decorated with a drawing of his pee-pee. Obviously not a schlock video production, "Blind Eye Sees All" consists mostly of live Butthole Surfers footage from a few Spring, 1985 shows at the Traxx club in Detroit. In between every song there's a Bob-and-Carol-and-Ted-and-Alice style bedside-band interview, complete with dogs, cats, beer and pizza.

Not just a flashback concert experience, "Blind Eye Sees All" is also a fashion show, with Gibby Haynes oozing true

Lizzy Borden



©1976 ED "BIG DADDY" ROTH - STORY - ART: THE PIZZ!

star charisma in a variety of outfits, including an ever-so-tasteful training bra, a hiphugger pantsuit ensemble, and a sky-high, rat's nest beehive 'do that surpasses whatever the hell Charlie Sexton's been doing to his hair lately. Creative use of clothespins scores extra brownie points.

Don't be fooled by the ending of "Blind Eye." Word of advice: Don't turn off the VCR; let it continue to play while listening to the bonus mini-record of "American Woman" that comes with the tape. Kill some more time by spinning it at the wrong speed. Eventually, the once-blank TV will come alive again with some ancient Butthole Surfers outtakes featuring guitarist Paul in a (gasp) pageboy haircut. But that's not all folks. Now go run "American Woman" backward until the turntable breaks and some more sneak footage appears–this time revealing Gibby *avec bass but sans les pantaloons.* Very tricky, no?

Just remember–at the touch of the eject button, the control of the living room is returned to you! *–Stella*

FACES OF DEATH: ***Part 1*** Gordon Videos
You've heard the hype . . . now hear the truth. Sorry to rain on yer parade, pal, but "Faces of Death" is about as realistic as John Ritter's zany antics on *Three's Company.*

Sure, there's some neat autopsy stuff–doctors peeling off faces and exposing skulls. And there's an interesting little episode about a monkey who gets his head bashed in so a group of tourists can munch down on fresh brains (an Asian delicacy). But for the most part "Faces of Death" just seems like more Hollywood hoopla. This dang deal is fake. Get it?

One "terrifying" scene features a staged news crew and some hick policeman trying to capture a nasty, life-threatening, man-eating crocodile! But it lacks credibility. If you saw a dimwitted sheriff throw a lasso off his flimsy boat to round up the lil' doggie, would you believe it? Why not shoot the mutha? Answer: You use a lasso to get pulled into the water and get eaten by the big, bad croc! Oooooh! Scary, scary.

If that's not good for a laugh among thrillseekers, there's always the one where the huge, trained dancing bear bites down on an innocent tourist, while two cameras record the event, and no one bothers to help until it's too late.

If you're looking for a real good death flick, go for *Make Them Die Slowly.* It makes no claims to offing real people like "Faces of Death," but it's a disgusting, perverse little cannibalistic import that features real animal murders. And if you're sick enough to be into that sort of thing, go for it. *–Scott Morrow*

FINGERED: ***Richard Kern*** Deathtrip Films
P.O. Box 1322, New York, N. Y. 1009
In his latest attack on the world of limp-wristed, constipated, dumb-butt poseur aesthetics, director Richard Kern serves up an X-rated dish of conflict and carnality–then heaves the plate on the wall. Kern is the most visible of a current crop of lowest East Side Manhattan filmmakers (inspired by Nick Zedd's 1979 mastersleaze, *They Eat Scum*) whose particular iconoclasm demands a stark, strict realism–real violence, real sex and real emotional chaos. *Fingered's* 24 black-and-white minutes are a graphic, blood-splattered, erotic travelogue of human instincts on the rampage. With its verbal brutality, stabbings, beatings and hearty sense of black humor, this Super-8 assault is not for the unjaded.

Sleazy punkster Lydia Lunch stars as an abrasive phone-sex girl who's swept along by her passions and those of jail character Martin Nation. After intense and prolonged hard-core copulation, the two embark on a spree of senseless murder, with knife-wielding Nation driving from atrocity to atrocity while Lunch stridently assails his manhood and demands to be let out of the car. Despite Nation's assurances that everything is under control, it's obvious that events have slid into the realm of disaster. The Lunch and Nation characters are exemplary role models for any youths who want to grow up to become institutionalized. Also excellent is Lung Leg's portrayal of a teenage girl in distress who the kill-crazy couple attempt to defile in a climax of unsimulated barbarity. Kern then has the good sense to end his movie before it bogs down in self-analysis.

Anyone who likes their sex and violence straight-up with a chaser of dementia should check out *Fingered,* then look into Kern's earlier filmic hit-and-run maneuvers (all available on video from the address above). *–Allan MacDonell*

ROCK VAULT ANSWERS

1. Bowie's given name is David Jones. He wished to avoid confusion with the lead singer of the Monkees.
2. She said she would either piss on herself or come while performing.
3. Harvey was fatally electrocuted by his own guitar, onstage, in front of 1,500 fans.
4. In the bathroom of a diner.
5. A Mars bar.
6. Frank Sinatra, in 1957. (Eventually, Old Blue Eyes would perform with Elvis Presley.)
7. The Who. Readings in excess of 120 decibels–more than enough to cause partial hearing loss–have been recorded at their live performances.
8. It was the song which inspired Alan Freed to coin the term "rock 'n' roll."
9. D. Coathanger Abortions.
10. True.
11. A former computer programmer turned rock artist, now known as Elvis Costello.
12. The Damned, at New York's CBGB's in April of '77.
13. Half a pound. (This was the incident which led many to conclude that Lennon must have been the brains behind the Beatles.)

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Hot Rockin'
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Freewheel Burning
Love Bites
Locked In
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MORE

A LOOK AT NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

HOME SWEET HOME
Whoa, dude–want more action already? Well, climb down from that dusty attic and take a peek at RIP Magazine's outrageous February issue as we invade the incredible homesteads of the stars! Check out Ronnie James Dio's posh medieval castle, and watch your step as we trash the Mentors' sleazy Hollywood flophouse. Also, don't miss an informative–and stimulating–glimpse at a musician's home life on the road!

BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE
But that's not all–come on in for a hot cup of java and chat with rock 'n' roll's premier psycho when Alice Cooper checks into the Bates Motel! Yes, the billion-dollar-baby himself visits his dreamhouse and talks about what he looks for in a belfry. Keep your eyes peeled for flying stilettos, and whatever you do, don't take a shower unattended!

SIDEWALK SURFIN'–ON THE WALLS!
Hey, we all know Mom won't let you practice 360s on her brand-new living-room carpet, but don't let that stop you from sizing up our blazing spotlight on skateboarding. Watch the pros like Losi, Hosoi and Grosso crankin' out ollies, fakies, sliders–even wall riding! And best of all, you won't total the furniture, or yourself, by reading about it!

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!
In addition to the other radical regular features in store for you every month, *Rip Rap* offers the very latest news and scandals in the music world, the *Rock Vault* takes you on a frightening journey in arcane rock 'n' roll knowledge and *Ear Candy* reviews the best–and worst–in today's hot, black vinyl. So don't miss out on all the goodies in RIP's February issue . . . enuff said?

February issue on sale December 30, 1986

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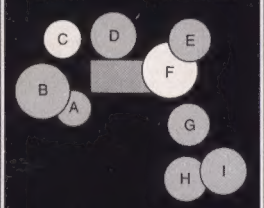
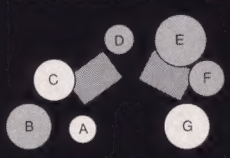


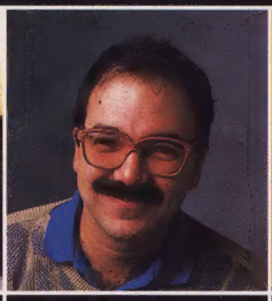
TONY THOMPSON

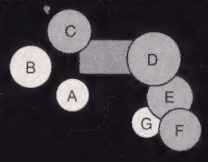
A. 15″ Quick Beat Hi Hats
B. 22″ Swish
C. 16″ Z. *Light Power Crash*
D. 19″ Thin Crash
E. 17″ K. China Boy
F. 22″ Z. *Light Power Ride*
G. 17″ Paper Thin Crash
H. 18″ Thin Crash
I. 19″ K. China Boy



STEVE SMITH

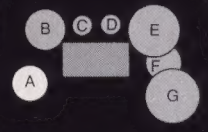
A. 13″ Z. *Dyno Beat Hi Hats*
B. 20″ K. Flat Top Ride
C. 18″ Z. *Light Power Crash*
D. 12″ A. Splash
E. 22″ K. Ride
F. 16″ K. Dark Crash
G. 20″ Z. *Power Smash*





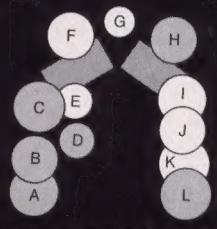
PETER ERSKINE

A. 13″ Z. *Dyno Beat Hi Hats*
B. 16″ Z. *Light Power Crash*
C. 17″ Crash Ride Brilliant
D. 20″ K. Ride
E. 18″ K. Flat Top Ride
F. 16″ Swish With Rivets
G. 12″ Z. *Splash*



SLY DUNBAR

A. 13″ Z. *Dyno Beat Hi Hats*
B. 16″ Thin Crash
C. 8″ A. Splash
D. 8″ K. Splash
E. 19″ Thin Crash
F. 17″ K. China Boy
G. 20″ China Boy Low



TOMMY ALDRIDGE

A. 19″ Platinum Medium Crash
B. 18″ Platinum Rock Crash
C. 20″ Platinum Thin Crash
D. 14″ Rock Hi Hats (closed)
E. 14″ Z. *Dyno Beat Hi Hats*
F. 18″ Z. *Light Power Crash*
G. 12″ Z. *Splash*
H. 18″ Platinum Rock Crash
I. 22″ Z. *Light Power Ride*
J. 18″ Z. *Heavy Power Crash*
K. 20″ Z. *Light Power Crash*
L. 20″ Platinum Medium Crash

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